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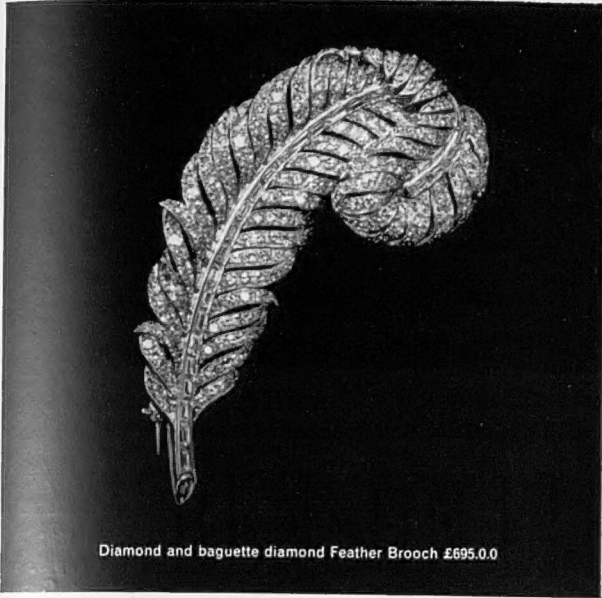
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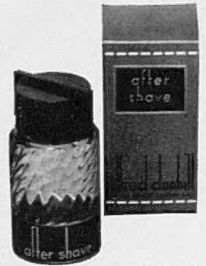


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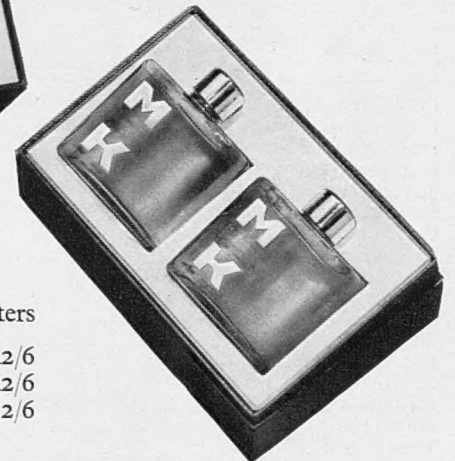
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GOING PLACES

compiled by John Mann

AS WINTER moves in, The TATLER takes up this week the cause of arcades. This country, if any, is surely the one where we need shelter when shopping, as Diana Rowntree (who is an architect) argues on page 460. She imagines an *Arcadia in our time*, made possible by new building advances. The COVER FEATURE, beginning on page 461, portrays The West End's existing Arcadians in photographs by Ida Kar.

The approach of winter brings with it the season of children's parties, and to the tune of *One, Two, Button Your Shoe* pages 467 to 473 present a nursery fashion show, photographed by Alec Murray. . . . While on the subject of children, this is the tenth anniversary year of the Children's Opera Group, who are busy rehearsing for their ambitious performance next month at Central Hall, Westminster. Alan Vine shows them at work on pages 454-5.

Switching to grown-ups brings us to Tom Hilder. Following his candid shots of dance floor attitudes (17 June) he has now turned to *Sitting-out Stances*. The results on page 457. . . . Further frivolity further afield is the November fiesta at Coglio, the *Island of the Lily* described by Anne Bolt on page 474.

Next week: The Christmas Shopping Number, full of ideas for presents. . . .

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OUT OF DOORS

Rugby: Oxford University v. Cambridge University, Twickenham, 8 December. Third Test Match, **Great Britain v. Australia**, Wigan, Lancs, 12 December. **Grouse Shooting ends**, 10 December.

MUSICAL

Drury Lane. Gala Matinee of Ballet, in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing, 3 p.m., 26 November. It includes a new *pas de deux* by Frederick Ashton, and that from *Casse Noisette*, both danced by Margot Fonteyn. Tickets £5 5s. downwards from Webster & Girling (WEL 6666).

ART

Jacques Lipchitz sculptures at the Tate Gallery. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10 a.m.-6 p.m., Tues., Thurs., 10 a.m.-8 p.m., Sundays 2-6 p.m. To 16 December. **Art in Revolt: Germany 1905-1925**. Marlborough Gallery, Old Bond Street, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Saturdays, 10 a.m.-12 noon. To end of month. (In aid of the World Refugee Year.)

EXHIBITIONS

R.P.S. Autumn Exhibition of Nature Photography, 16 Prince's Gate, S.W.7. 26 November-19 December. **Building Exhibition**, Olympia. To 2 December. **Radio Hobbies Exhibition**, R.H.S., Old Hall, Westminster. To 28 November.

RECITALS

Royal Festival Hall. Emyln Williams as **Charles Dickens** in readings from the novels, 8 p.m., 26 November; and as the Welsh poet in **A Boy Growing Up**, an entertainment from the stories of Dylan Thomas, 8 p.m., 27 November.

AUCTION SALES

16-17th Century Scientific Instruments, 30 November; **Dyson Perrins Collection of Illuminated MSS** (second portion), 1 December. 11 a.m. Sotheby's, New Bond St.

CHARITY EVENTS

Cambridge University Medical Society Christmas Ball, Dorothy Café, 4 December. Double tickets, £2 2s. from Mr. Richard Petty, Ball Secretary, Gonville & Caius. **Charity Ball**, Plymouth Guildhall, 9 December, in aid of Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. Tickets, 25s., from Lt.-Cdr. R. A. Williams, M.B.E., R.N., C-in-C's Staff Mess, Mount Wise, Plymouth.

HUNT BALLS

Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair, Central Hall, Westminster, 12 noon-7 p.m., 8, 9 December. Inquiries, Organizer Y.W.C.A., 108 Baker Street, W.1. **Cambridge University United Hunts Club** (Pitt Club, Cambridge), 28 November; **Warwickshire** (Shire Hall, Warwick), **Eridge**, **Beaufort** (Badminton House), **Burton** (R.A.F. Scampton, Lincs.), **Dartmoor Otterhounds** (Town Hall, North Tawton), 4 December.



PRaised PLAYS

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 478.

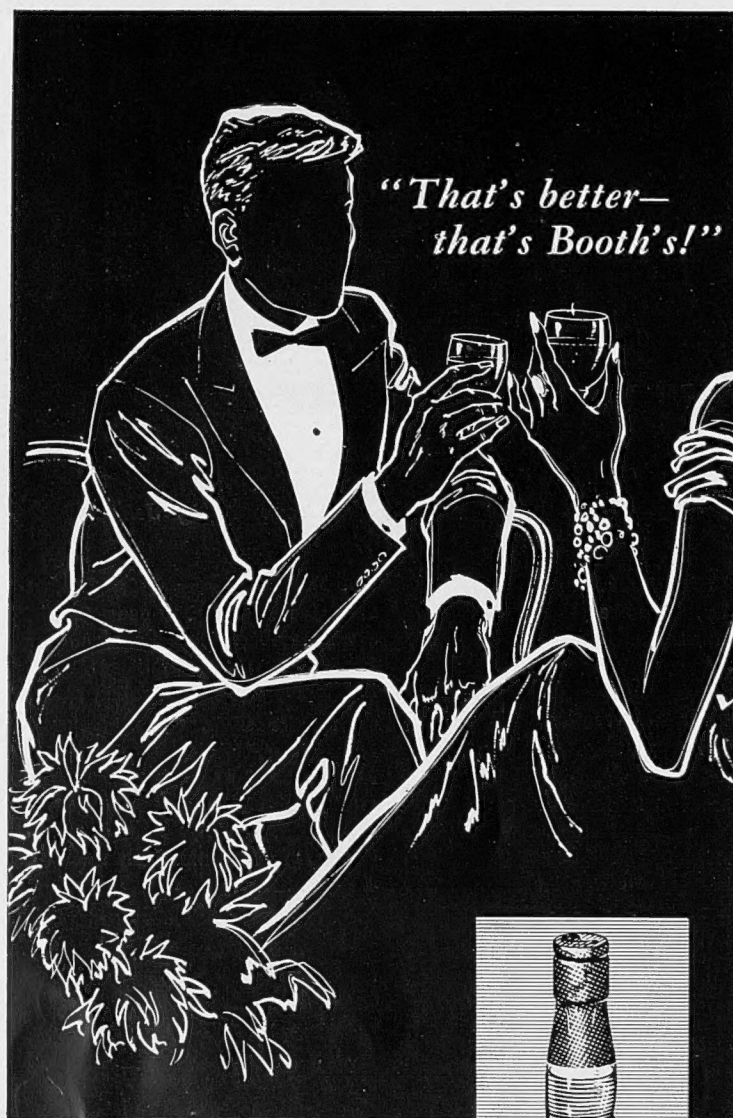
The Edwardians. "... a nostalgic period play full of amusing chatter." Athene Seyler, Ambrosine Phillips, Ernest Thesiger, Helen Cherry, Nicholas Hannen, Jeremy Brett. (Saville Theatre, TEM 4011.) **The Aspern Papers**. "... an evening of rare and curious pleasures . . . holds the audience from start to finish." Michael Redgrave, Flora Robson, Beatrix Lehmann. (Queen's Theatre, REG 1166.)

FANCIED FILMS

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 479.

North West Frontier. "... splendidly exciting . . . I do not think you will find a more enjoyable or satisfying film anywhere." Kenneth More, Lauren Bacall, Herbert Lom. (G.R.)

The Rabbit Trap. "I found this a touching and endearing film . . . Mr. Borgnine giving, like the rest of the cast, an exceptionally fine performance." Ernest Borgnine, Kevon Corcoran, Bethel Leslie. (G.R.)



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Where to spend Christmas away



JOHN BAKER WHITE'S GOOD-EATING GUIDE

IF YOU ARE GOING AWAY FOR Christmas, here are some suggested places at which to stay.

Lincoln, Britain's equivalent of Carcassonne, has in the White Hart (Lincoln 26) one of the best hotels of any county town. A warm, comfortable house with good food, a newly-decorated dining room, and courteous staff, it stands in Bailgate, in the shadow of the cathedral. Well within the compass of a winter day's drive is Kings Lynn, a town of haunting beauty, even in December.

Southport, with its tree-lined streets and excellent shops is the Eastbourne of the North, but the sea takes a lot of finding. The cooking at the Prince of Wales Hotel (Southport 4131) is outstanding and the à la carte menu is a fascinating document. Rooms are comfortable and furnished with good taste. Lancastrians are surprised that so few Southerners go to Southport except for flower and horse shows.

Shurdington. In this village, on the outskirts of Cheltenham, is the Greenway Hotel (Cheltenham 352). A former country house, it is now an hotel, but retains its gracious atmosphere. The cooking is excellent, and everyone about the place makes it their business to see that guests are comfortable and happy. A good centre from which to travel the country between Cheltenham and the Bristol Channel.

Sandwich is the place to choose if you want to spend Christmas in a town full of history, walk along a great stretch of sand, play golf, or study one of the most interesting of all the Roman castles. At the Bell Hotel (Trust House) (Sandwich 3277) near the ancient toll bridge, Mr. and Mrs. Homfray go to much trouble to make their guests comfortable. The cooking is plain but good, the water hot, and the house warm. And for Christmas morning service Canterbury Cathedral is not too far.

Scarborough can be cold in winter, but if you don't mind that it is also extremely healthy. The Pavilion Hotel (Scarborough 1040), far from handsome outside, but beautiful

within, is high on my list of comfortable hotels. For a long time the Laughton family have collected good furniture and pictures, especially French. They also love flowers, and the Pavilion is a mirror to their good taste.

Burford. The changing beauty of the Cotswolds lasts the year round, and here they keep up Christmas in the old-fashioned way. The Bay Tree (Burford 3137) and the Lamb (Burford 3155) stand side by side in Sheep Street and I would find it difficult to say which is the more comfortable. Both are beautiful old houses, and what a sailor would call "well found." Don't look for elaborate cooking at either, but for the good plain fare our ancestors set on their tables at Christmastime.

Eastbourne weather can be quite pleasant in December, and the Cavendish Hotel (Eastbourne 2740) is pleasing all the year round. The food is good, bedrooms comfortable, and the staff always seem to be really interested in the job of making the guests happy.

... AND FOR DINING OUT IN LONDON

Verreys, 233 Regent Street. (REG 4495.) C.S. The name is one of the oldest in London restaurant history. It was not very good when Mr. Louis Monnickendam took it over, but today it is first-class—so much so that it is packed out at lunch-time. A number of special dishes are married to an outstanding wine list. One can eat a good four-course meal for 15s., or much more expensively if one wishes.

Kettners, 29 Romilly Street, W.1. (GER 3437.) Open on Sundays, this restaurant also has a famous name. It is run by Maurice Monnickendam, brother of Louis, and, very cleverly, he maintains a high standard of both English and Continental cooking. You can have boiled gammon, for example, or risotto. The list of wines is good, and, like the food, moderately priced. W.B.

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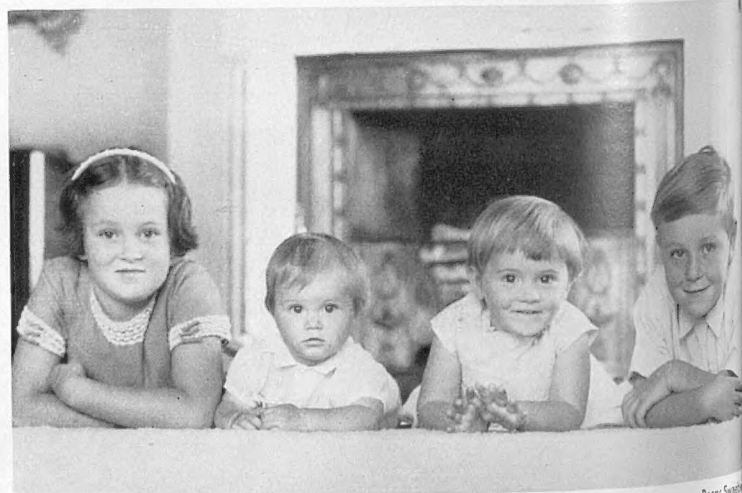
OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES



VERONICA (five years) and TERESA (three years), with ELIZABETH (nine years) and CHARLES (seven years), children of Mr. E. C. L. & the Hon. Mrs. Hulbert-Powell, Littlewick Place, nr. Maidenhead, Berkshire



THE HON. JOSEPHINE KEYES (one year) with her mother Lady Keyes, wife of Lord Keyes, of Benenden Place, Cranbrook, Kent. Lord Keyes, who is chairman of a well-known group of hotels and has a chicken farm at Cranbrook, is the son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Lord Keyes of Ostend and Zeebrugge



THE HON. FRANCES (eight years), THE HON. BENJAMIN (one year), THE HON. BRIDGET (three years) and THE HON. PATRICK FISHER (six years), children of Lord and Lady Fisher, who live at Kilverstone Hall, Thetford, Norfolk

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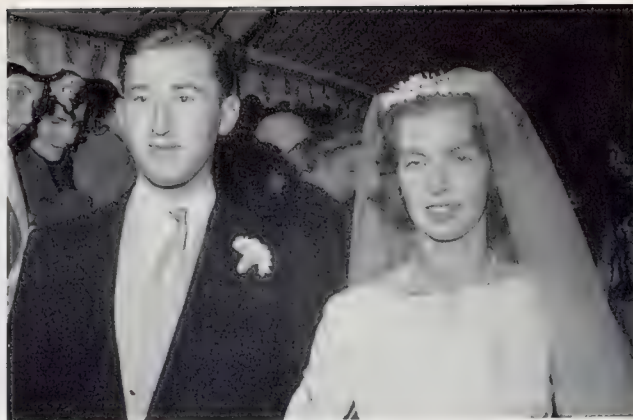
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Moseley—Griffith: Jill Grange, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. P. G. Moseley, Dorfold Cottage, Acton, Nantwich, Cheshire, married Michael, son of Maj. & Mrs. H. W. Griffith, of Llangwm, Denbighshire, at St. Mary's, Acton



Couldsmith—Mordaunt: Belinda, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. C. Gouldsmith, of Coneysthorpe, York, married Capt. Christopher Mordaunt, 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, son of Lt.-Comdr. & Mrs. R. J. Mordaunt, The Lodge Farm, Chavenage, Gloucestershire, at All Saints', Hovingham

WEDDINGS

Engagements on page 486



Hopkins—Hobson: Pennington (Penny) Ann, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. A. Hopkins, Indian Police (Retd.) & Mrs. Hopkins, of Kidlington, Oxford, married Mr. Patrick Hobson, M.C., Colonial Service, son of Mr. & Mrs. G. E. Hobson, of New Malden, Surrey, at Christ Church, Arusha, Tanganyika



Sim—Stewart: Bridget Anne, daughter of the late Mr. P. W. Sim, and of Mrs. Leslie Parkhouse, of Middle Combe, Wilts, married Mr. David J. C. Stewart, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, son of Maj. Sir Hugh Stewart, Bt., and of Mrs. R. Wade-Gery, of Filgrave, Bucks, at St. Michael's, Chester So.



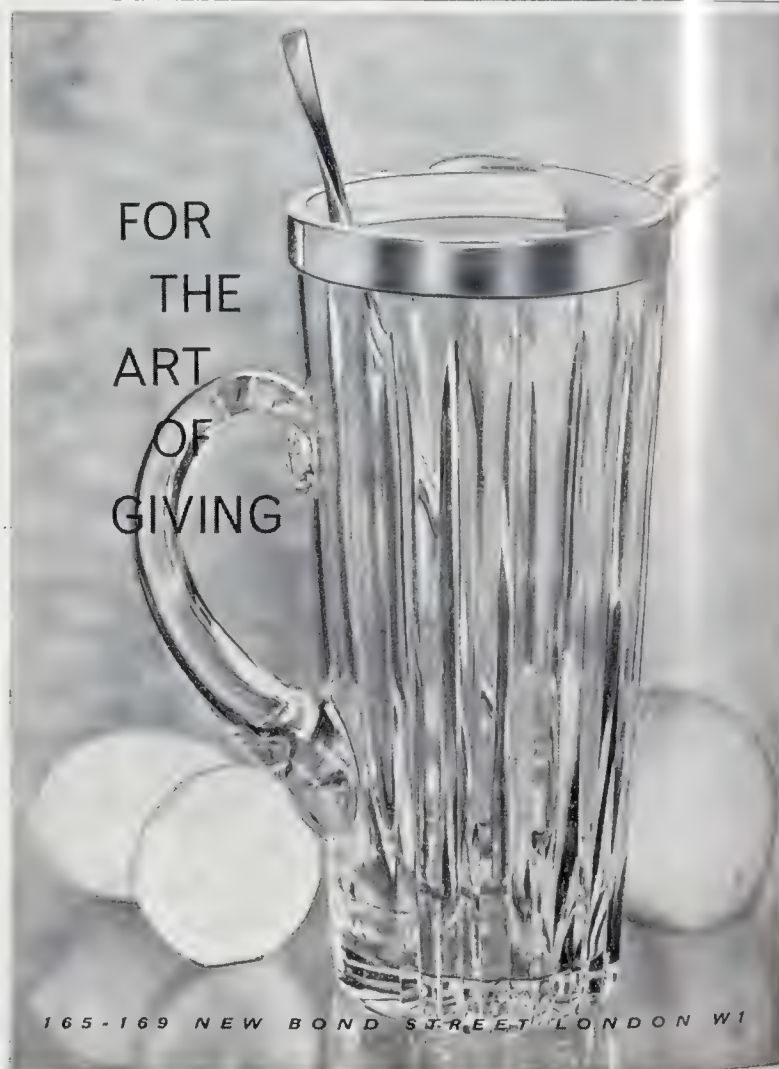
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THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
25 November 1959



November wedding in the fog

FOR MISS SUSAN SHAFTO

& MR. JOHN DASHWOOD

AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE



The bride and bridegroom listen to the speech made by the groom's elder brother Mr. Francis Dashwood (picture at right) who was the best man



Also listening: three of the bridesmaids, Miss Katharine Carlisle, Lady Sarah Curzon and Lady Frances Curzon, with Miss Felicity Ann Hall



Viscountess Curzon and Mrs. Gilbert Maunsell

Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian came with her husband

Below: Mrs. L. Boys and Lord & Lady Teynham.
Below right: Lady Dashwood, the bridegroom's
mother, & Countess Howe, mother of the bride



Sir John Dashwood and Lady Carrington. Her
husband is the new First Lord of the Admiralty

Right: The bride and groom leaving the reception in
a shower of rose petals for a Continental honeymoon



NOVEMBER

WEDDING

IN THE FOG *continued*

BY MURIEL BOWEN

SOME OF THE GUESTS BOUND FOR THE wedding of Countess Howe's vivacious blonde daughter, Miss Susan Shafto, to Mr. John Dashwood, son of Sir John Dashwood, Bt., & Lady Dashwood, never made it. They got stuck in the fog. It fell in thick layers round St. Peter's, Eaton Square. But the wedding went on gaily amid the encircling gloom. Miss Shafto's dress was in the traditional white, of *peau-de-soie* with a bell-shaped skirt and a full train. It was designed by her former employer, Mr. John Cavanagh. The bride's father, Major E. D. Shafto, gave her away and the best man was Mr. Francis Dashwood, the bridegroom's brother.

Guests at the reception included Sir Roy & Lady Harrod, Mrs. John Dewar, Col. Ivo Reid (who formerly commanded the Irish Guards) & Mrs. Reid, Mr. & Mrs. Colin North (home for three months from South Africa), the Countess of Gosford, and Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Nobbs.

There were many young people. Some of the girls told me that they had got off early from part-time jobs. Sir Ronald & Lady Cross's daughter Susanna was there, and so were the Hon. Alastair Bruce (12), Miss Zoe Engleheart and Lady Caroline Giffard, both of whom went to school with the bride.

Another guest was Mr. Charles Alexander, who for years has swept the pavement outside Earl Howe's London home. It was Susan's idea to invite him. "We've all known him for years," Lady Howe told me afterwards. "But the awful thing was that in the rush of wedding preparations we didn't



realize he was married. If we had known we would have invited his wife."

DOCTORS' WIVES & A QUEEN

This is a busy time of the year for the Royal Family, and the **Queen Mother** in particular has been having a full diary of engagements. A special one for her last week was the Golden Jubilee reception of the Ladies' Guild of the Royal Medical Benevolent Fund; as Duchess of York she also attended the celebrations to mark the Guild's twenty-fifth anniversary.

Lady Moran, the Guild's president, and Mrs. Jean Freeman, the chairman, greeted the Queen Mother when she arrived at the Royal College of Surgeons. They escorted her to the oak-panelled Great Hall where representatives of the 11,000-strong Guild—all doctors' wives—were gathered. Most of them had journeyed to London specially for the occasion, including Mrs. John Bruce from Edinburgh, Lady Thomas from Cardiff, Mrs. Frank Nicholson from Manchester, Mrs. Philip Scott from Exeter, and Mrs. John Lewin from King's Lynn.

"People don't think of doctors' families falling on hard times," Mrs. R. H. Boggan, one of the Guild's executives, told me, "but we deal with 150 to 200 cases a year. Most of our work concerns the education of children whose fathers have died, and looking after destitute widows—some of them are on National Assistance." All help and appeals are confined to the medical profession.

continued overleaf

The Queen Mother meets some of the guests at the Golden Jubilee reception given at the College in Lincoln's Inn Fields



Countess Mountbatten of Burma who is the vice-president of the Ladies Guild



Mrs. William Sargent

Queen Mother meets the doctors' wives

ON A JUBILEE VISIT TO THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS

PHOTOGRAPHS : DESMOND O'NEILL



Mrs. N. Nicholls, hon. treasurer of the Ladies' Guild of the Royal Medical Benevolent Fund, Mrs. R. Nankivell, chairman of the case committee, and Mrs. D. H. Patey



Mrs. C. G. Rob, whose husband is an orthopaedic surgeon in Yorkshire, and Mrs. J. B. Harman, wife of a physician



Mrs. James Henry Cyriax and Lady Price-Thomas

KING'S DAY PARTY



The Marquise de Miramon



*Madame Rivera
Schreiber, wife of the
Peruvian
Ambassador*



*Hostess Madame van
Meerbeke with her
poodle, Willy*

MURIEL BOWEN
continued

30 PARTIES A DAY

Like the Queen Mother, **Prince Philip** is having a busy time too. This week he is in Accra which, believe it or not, is one of the more social capitals of the world. It is a city of music and parties—during my visit last year I found up to 30 parties a day at the new, luxurious, Government-owned Ambassador Hotel. From breakfast onwards jazz blares through the open windows in this dusty, bustling city, capital of Ghana.

Those accompanying the Prince have been advised that they can play and watch polo. **Sir Patrick Fitz-Gerald**, head of one of Unilever's offshoots in Ghana, hits a good straight ball, and is the reigning star of the Accra team. There are two flourishing polo clubs with 150 members between them.

High social point of the visit will be a garden party at Government House, where the **Earl of Listowel**, the Governor-General, & the Countess of Listowel are living during the Royal visit. This is a 17th-century Danish fortress, Christianborg Castle, which still has dungeons where slaves lived, and ancient cannon mounted on the battlements. **Dr. Nkrumah** normally lives there and his decision to take it over caused controversy.

On Friday evening at State House there is an hour set aside for "High Life," a type of dancing found only in Ghana. It is a mixture of slow foxtrot, "blues," slow waltz, and

tango. State House was originally built as a residence for the Prime Minister, but **Dr. Nkrumah** gave it to the Governor-General when he moved to the more splendid Christianborg Castle. Like several other of the official residences in Ghana it has recently had the attention of an English interior decorator. In this case it was **Mr. David Hicks**, who is engaged to Prince Philip's cousin, **Lady Pamela Mountbatten**. A Ghanaian friend who dined there tells me: "The decoration is attractive, but not lavish. It is like any well-kept English home."

In the official advice sheet for the Royal visit mosquito boots are suggested for evening wear. These are leather boots almost as long as riding boots. I should have thought that they would have a disastrous effect on "high life," but Ghanaians assure me that lots of people have been known to "high-life" happily in mosquito boots.

KING'S DAY IN BELGRAVIA

There was a crush of people at the Belgian Embassy in Belgrave Square for the reception given by the **Ambassador & Mme. van Meerbeke** to celebrate the King's Day. This was a surprise to many people present, as this year the King's Day fell on a Sunday. "There were many discussions beforehand," dark-haired Mme. van Meerbeke, who is Colombian born, told me. "Most of my friends

said that having the party on a Sunday we'd get nobody." But the British Cabinet, business and the professions were all represented. And there was a brace of Roman Catholic bishops plus some lesser Church dignitaries. "We've had five party invitations for today," Mrs. **H. McCann**, wife of the Irish Ambassador, told me. "I've been to four, but my husband goes on to the fifth after this."

Another reason for the crowd. Mme. van Meerbeke is a perfectionist. Not for her imported caterers with the same tired *canapés*. She always has the food at her parties prepared by the embassy chef—and he's quite an artist.

BARBS FROM SIR THOMAS

Sir Thomas Beecham was in effervescent mood on the eve of his departure for the United States. America is full of symphony orchestras—they've hundreds of them—and Sir Thomas was eager to express an opinion on them. "I'm going to conduct all of them," he said, magnifying the facts. "But if I told you what I thought of them I would get hundreds of telegrams saying, DON'T COME!"

He was chatting to me at a Foyle's Literary Luncheon at the Savoy—80-year-old Sir Thomas could only manage one day and the Dorchester (the usual *venue*) could not manage that. And as the lunch was to launch his book, *Delius*, it was important that he should be there.

Sir Thomas kept looking down the table at his new wife who was sitting between **Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.**, and the German Ambassador, **Herr von Herwarth**. But marriage hasn't changed him. There were barbs at this and that. A barb at young composers (though as a young man Sir Thomas was noted for being their champion). "Now," he said, "there is a steel drill outside my hotel window and compared to some music about here that steel drill is innocuous."

The **Countess of Dartmouth, Mr. & Mrs. R. Heavens-Trewman, Lady Oppenheimer** and **Lady Farnham**—she married the young Irish peer early this year—enjoyed his sallies. So did the new Labour life peer, **Lord Morrison of Lambeth**, who was there

BRIGGS by Graham



with Lady Morrison. He's been a fan of Sir Thomas's for years.

TWEEDS TO SEE DIOR

At London parties I've seen so many people wearing Christian Dior dresses, yet it wasn't until I went to Ragley Hall, the Marquess of Hertford's big, gaunt, grey house in Warwickshire, that I ever saw a Dior fashion show.

The audience this time was not a collection of fashion experts, but 600 women who lead busy and interesting lives in the country. They had gathered in their man-tailored tweed suits and comfortable walking shoes. They applauded every dress, smiled, and even laughed outright. As most of them were pleasantly plump like the hostess, the Marchioness of Hertford, they hadn't any thoughts of getting into the clothes.

Dior's M. St. Laurent made his atomic impact on the ladies of Warwickshire with such things as dresses shaped like bon-bons, dresses tied in two places resembling a Christmas cracker. There were party dresses puffed out about the hips, and gathered tight at the knees making the tall, greyhound-sleek models who wore them look and sound like rustling poufs.

There were some interesting comments from the assembled ladies. Mrs. David Hill, wife of a Birmingham industrialist who has a daughter coming out next year, said to me: "I still think that you can't beat a well-tailored tweed suit. Especially nowadays when you get tweeds in all those lovely fine weaves." Mrs. John Brooke, 21-year-old wife of an Oxford undergraduate, who has a Dior-gal figure, didn't agree. "I just dream of wearing clothes like these—all day."

Anyway, the House of Dior benefited the Royal College of Nursing to the tune of £1,500. "As far as we're concerned it's all been a tremendous success," Lady Heald told me afterwards. She went to add her experience to the organization of the show. She's the kingpin behind the College's successful fund-raising efforts. Her next efforts will be a Gardens In Spring flower show (it will be something quite new) to be held in the grounds of Holland Park. Tentative dates are May 11th and 12th.

Cranbrook Old Boys hold a dance

AFTER WINNING A RUGGER
MATCH AGAINST THE SCHOOL

PHOTOGRAPHS: A V SWAEBE



Miss Anne Kerridge and Mr. Bernard Fison, who played for the Old Boys. The dance was at the school



Mr. Peter West (Old Cranbrookians' secretary), his wife, and Mr. D. E. Robathan, who farms in Kenya



Miss Susan Cook, Mr. & Mrs. John Cook, and Mr. Michael Cook (father & son are Old Boys)

Below: The Rev. T. H. Vickery, former chaplain of the school, and his wife, who now teaches there



Below: Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Leakey with Mr. Charles Russell Scott, headmaster of Cranbrook





Katherine Dyson, 15 (star of the older group), as the robbers' slave girl in The Barnyard Singers



Celia Rowbotham, 11, a violinist, joined the group during their last summer school

Children's opera



Typical of the children's enthusiasm is this make-up session before a production of The Hallowed Manger

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALAN VINES

Below: Mask-making for David Hadda's Festival of Purim. Right: Rehearsing The Barnyard Singers. Singer (centre) Kelda Gilbert, pianist: Fiona Whitelaw



WELSH-BORN CHORAL CONDUCTOR Margaret John, a graduate of Canada's Royal Conservatory of Music and of the Royal Academy of Music in London, founded her Children's Opera group in November, 1949. Her aim was to introduce children to grown-up opera by letting them perform in simple musical plays and operettas which they could understand. In the last ten years the group (with twin headquarters in London & Cardiff) has delighted thousands of young people all over Britain. Patrons are Astra Desmond & Glyndebourne's John Christie and many professional singers, actors, composers & musicians have taken part in the productions. The tenth Birthday will be celebrated on 22 December at the Central Hall, Westminster, with a combined performance by the London & Cardiff groups of Vaughan Williams's *Four Seasons* & *The Hallowed Manger* by Thomas Pitfield. There will be a first performance in Cardiff of Britten's *Noye's Fludde* at the end of December and many new productions are scheduled for the New Year in London and the provinces. Biggest plan yet is to take the children abroad next year for the first time.





Margaret John, leader of the group, rehearses the children in chorale songs from Ralph Vaughan Williams's *The Seasons*

Barbara Farrell, 13, takes up Oliver Watson, 10, for *Black and White* by Capel and H. E. Todd

Katherine Dyson in a rehearsal scene from *The Hallowed Manger* for the birthday performance. Looking on are Angela, five, and Gillian Hosking, at three the group's youngest member



EARLY WINTER is the time in Paris when literary prizes fall almost as thickly as the leaves from the plane trees along the River Seine. The *Guide des Prix littéraires* lists some 750 of these prizes, all bringing the winner a measure of glory, fame or "frie"—slang for cash. Even then, the list states that there must be others which have been *annulé* or are (nice phrase) *en sommeil*. Of all of them, the best known and most desirable are the Goncourts, the Femina, the Renaudot and the Interallié, none of these by any means asleep. The four have a direct effect on the lives of authors, the sale of books and the takings of publishers; so each autumn much speculation, heart-burning, promotion and lobbying agitate the literary scene.

The Prix des Goncourts was established by the will, in 1896, of Edmond de Goncourt, the elder of two brothers who wrote influential books in collaboration and were powers in 19th-century literary France. It took seven years to beat off litigants who thought the money could be better spent, but finally the dead Edmond had his way. The jury consists of ten men of letters all of whom get 6,000 francs a year and, as a climax, a magnificent luncheon at which the prize is decided. This occurs in the Restaurant Drouant, Place Gaillon, one of the most distinguished in Paris. The "jury" has been meeting there for more than 30 years, in a room called the *Salle des Goncourts*, presided over by the photograph of the great Edmond. (Poor Jules, the younger brother, lived only until 1870.)

The press, for whom the major prizes hold the fascination of a royal birth, accumulate in an adjoining room to await the opening of the *Salle's* door—which experience has forced the restaurant management to have sound-proofed. *Monsieur le Secrétaire* of the jury steps out and announces the winning title. Meanwhile its "father" is pacing his publisher's office, doubtless chain-smoking, and he is told by telephone of his triumph. In another publisher's office will be another author who will later be told that he has won the Renaudot, which goes to the runner-up book in the jury's ranking.

At once about 100,000 copies of the Goncourt winner's book are as good as sold and it will be read by lots of people for whom one book a year comprises their whole literary adventuring. Also it will be given lavishly, if unread, as a convenient Christmas present. It took France about 1,950 years to catch on to the fact that there is serious money to be made out of the Nativity, but now the idea has come through nicely. Booksellers have even been pressing to have the prize dates advanced so that they can plan their Christmas displays earlier. Alas, the will of founder Edmond, who surely would not have been thinking of any such thing, lays down that the decision must be taken on the first Monday of December—this year the inconveniently late 7th. There was talk of having the dinner on the night of Monday, 30 November, and announcing the winner just after midnight. This piece of casuistical liberty-taking would mean that the Monday, December and "first" would all be taken care of—but it seemed to be going a bit too far with tradition and the founder's wishes.

Then came the news that the Femina jury, which was not tied to such a firm statute, had decided to make its announcement on 23 November. This being something of a one-book year the probabilities were that the Femina jury would make the same choice and thus steal the thunder of the Goncourt, rightly regarded as the senior prize. What happened was still something of a bombshell. On Monday last week a discreet announcement in the newspaper *Figaro* said that the Goncourt jury was having a special luncheon at the Restaurant Drouant to consider the possibility of announcing a provisional but "irrevocable" decision as to the winning book while keeping to the formal announcement date—the first Monday in December. The result was that the "Goncourt 10" came to the Drouant between groups of sightseers, journalists and a few protective police and made their decision that day. They claim that it was all quite legal, but to the press next day it seemed that the old 10-gun salute had gone off at half-cock. If the press took it badly the

Prix Femina came out with a distinctly waspish statement which read as if it might have been drafted by Madame Simone.

Madame Simone heads the all-feminine jury of the Femina, and is a woman of rare gifts and experience. Her wit is a source of delight to many people in Paris. In talking, she dated herself neatly by saying: "When the Femina was first started in 1902, I was not on the jury. I could have been, of course, but as it happened my life was then bound up with the stage." Despite the jury's sex, the winning writer is more often a man. "Because," said Madame Simone, firmly and simply, "they write better books."

Not long ago the Femina prize went to a woman who was in bad health and poor straits, whose charming book was not selling at all well. Femina brought her money and the opportunity to get away to the country, get well and reorganize herself. Now she has written another excellent book which she might never have had a chance to do. So the prize system can bring its useful benefits to literature.

Unfortunately for the prizes there exists among the cynical the impression that it is all a racket worked out among the powerful publishing groups on a "your turn next year" basis. I put this nasty point to Madame Simone, who pooh-poohed it flatly, and to the people in Gagliani's bookshop, Rue de Rivoli, who poohed it even pooler. Madame Simone said: "Our prize may sometimes have been stupidly given, but never dishonestly." At Gagliani's they just laughed.

But the cynicism sticks. One man in the street (actually a distinguished tea importer in a *chic* bar—but he must go out in the street sometime) said that the only hope of winning a prize was with a book about homosexuality or racial injustices. This year's Goncourt winner has a Jewish theme. A publisher said to me earlier: "I really don't see how it can get the Goncourt. A Jewish book won only two years ago."

Anyway, the expected Jewish novel has done it. It is 31-year-old André Schwartz-Bart's *Le Dernier des Justes*, which deals with a 12th-century rabbinical legend. Such is the way of things that when the personable Schwartz-Bart cut a pleasant dash in a television book programme, *Lectures pour tous*, the sales of his book shot up. This television programme is said to sell more books than any printed review—looks and

personality apparently largely governing some people's literary choice. A slight spanner found its way into Schwartz-Bart's literary works when suggestions were made that his plot was not original. Neither was Shakespeare's. Printed retorts along that line seem to have steadied his reputation again.

Meanwhile other likely prize-winners are Antoine Blondin's *Un Singe en Hiver* and Albert Palles's *L'Experience*, with Russian-born Natalie Sarraute (*Le Planetarium*) as the most likely woman.

The actual prize money is often in direct contrast to the importance of the prize, but not always. A coveted one is Prince Rainier's million-franc award, while a restaurant near the Étoile gives, each year, a sack of oysters. There is a 500,000-franc prize for the best book for children of nine to 14 years as well as special prizes for whodunnits, left-winged poets, writers on applied psychology, law, food, Napoleana, cycle-touring, *eserotism*, and *humeur noire*—the off-beat, macabre, "sick" stuff.

Incidentally, André Schwartz-Bart was not in Paris to hear about the Goncourt jury's bombshell. He had gone to Luxembourg to stay with his sister, but when on 7 December the reading world has been startled with his book he will have to be asked to have coffee at the Drouant with the jury, who are to have another luncheon and no doubt discuss how their decision looks in retrospect.

I remember reading in Herodotus of a fierce nomadic tribe whose habit it was to get drunk before taking an important decision. Next morning they would review the decision in the light of sobriety. When there was no time to get drunk they would take their decision and act but next morning they would get drunk and see how the decision looked after they had had a chance to drink first. The Goncourt jury made its decision before going into their splendid luncheon.

PRIZE-GIVING WEEK FOR HOMMES DE LETTRES

St. John Donn-Byrne

reports from Paris



EATING: Much looked-forward-to, despite the invariable discomfort of the partaking
Miss Catherine Norman-Butler and Mr. Peter Vey

TOM HUSTLER *looks at* **SITTING OUT**

*Simple as it sounds, sitting-out seems
 to cover a wider range of activity than
 you'd think—or so these pictures suggest*

The pictures on these pages were taken by Tom Hustler at three events last month: The Righty-Ho Ball at Hurlingham, Miss Stephanie Todd's dance at Wardington House, Banbury, and the Hallowe'en Ball in Aid of the National Children Adoption Association at the Dorchester.

SNOOZING: A run of parties makes
 it occasionally inevitable
Mr. Nicholas Hordern



A Sitting Out Glossary

There are two basic rules for sitting-out chit-chat at debutante parties.

- (1) Never ask a question that can be answered by Yes or No (you won't get any further).
- (2) When a straightforward question gets no reaction, be progressively more provocative.

The following examples may be helpful to those who lack practice in this highly specialized skill. . . .

Question: What are you doing apart from the season?

Follow-ups:

- What do you find most interesting about it?
- Why do you find it boring?
- What is the boss like?
- How do you stick it?

Question: Which was the best dance you've been to this year?

Follow-ups:

- Goodness, *whose?*
- Weren't they all old fogeys and wasn't the whisky short?
- Who did you meet there?
- So when are you hoping to get married?

Question: What is the latest Paris fashion?

Follow-ups:

- So, are you going to raise/lower your skirts (N.B.: be careful of this one).
- I believe bosoms/waists/hips/legs are in/out/higher/lower/longer/shorter this year.
- Your dress is a very interesting design. Who did you get it from?
- Did you lengthen it/shorten it/take it in/let it out?
- How do you get into it?
- How do you get out of it?

Question: What is your favourite drink?

Follow-ups:

- Is it really?
- What does it do to you?
- Does it really?
- How do you feel after it?
- Do you really?
- What does Mummy say?
- Would you like to come back to my flat for some coffee?



RUNNING REPAIRS: An evening's dancing can be as hard on the powder puff as on the shoes
Miss Susan Perry

SITTING OUT *continued*



THE FLOOR FOR COMFORT: Even when there's a perfectly good seat right behind
Miss Olda Willes and Mr. Charles Black

JUST A QUICK CALL: You won't mind just waiting there a minute, will you?
Miss Judith Burton-Jackson and Mr. James Coles





COME AGAIN, PLEASE: Besides being an essential part of the fun, the drinks make an infallible topic and Mr. David Stoddart

CURLING UP: For proper comfort there's no in-between—it's either down on the floor or feet up on the sofa
Miss Virginia Tyler and Mr. George Crawford



FUN WHERE YOU FIND IT: If there's a toy car around to push, well why not?
Miss Zia Foxwell and Mr. Tony Gray

THE CABARET: It's always something to watch, though it's not often so spectacular
The Schaller Brothers



ARCADIA *in our time*

IN ROME they shelter you from the sun. In Geneva they make a snug refuge on a snowy day. In Paris they keep you safe from the drizzle. But in London, where about one day in every three turns out to be wet, arcades are so few that you could walk from one end of the city to the other without noticing any if you didn't know they were there. The West End's arcades are really shopping passages, useful for short cuts between main streets and excellent for fashionable shopping. Hardly any use has been made of the arcade idea to shelter the pedestrian and the shopper from our climate. Nash's Regent Street—the original one, with its colonnade over the pavement—was about the simplest and smartest shopping street in



Europe, but they took away his columns and replaced the buildings with the weight of stonework that we see today, leaving the shoppers out in the weather. Not that the case for arcades rests on sophistication. It does not, and many market towns have an arcaded town hall or market-place that is the keynote of their solid charm.

The excuse for our failure to exploit the arcade is that in Britain daylight is as short as rain is plentiful. That was a good enough point before the age of electricity, but there is no longer any reason for an arcade to be dark. On the contrary it can be floodlit with any colour of the spectrum, decorated with neon, or have the daylight boosted with fluorescent so discreetly that nobody would know. And this is not the only technical advance that favours the more widespread use of arcades. The arrival of concrete in architecture has transformed the outlook for this most attractive device.

Engineers, always trying for greater strength in their structures, pondered on the great strength of egg shells and sea shells. They have come up with a shell-concrete architecture as delicate as the highest flights

of Gothic. What was once an affair of square boxes and stiff beams has developed a dreamlike fluidity. Now we can have arcades that are real 20th-century stuff, not brick vaults on sturdy piers but fragile shells only one or two inches thick, supported apparently by strands of wire or cantilevered unbelievable distances from curiously shaped columns.

This is in fact a marvellous moment for arcades, or their equivalents. Builders are getting more experience in making delicate shells in laminated timber and concrete. Most tall buildings, which means most present-day town buildings, give over the ground floor or the lowest two floors to shops and cafés. So far this has often meant no more than running a glass wall along the ground floor, on the same plane as the wall above. But it is obvious that, once you push the shops right back under the building, you achieve a ready-made piazza, sheltered and spacious. The architectural effect on the building could be magical. The taller and more repetitive the building above, the more it has to offer by way of contrast with the hollowed-out ground floor. Anyone who saw the American Embassy go up in Grosvenor Square, and noticed the honeycomb design of the second floor, will see how much such a structural pattern could contribute to the effect of shops beneath. Arcades of this kind could be freer and wider than the old style. They could link up buildings across half a town. Arcadia?

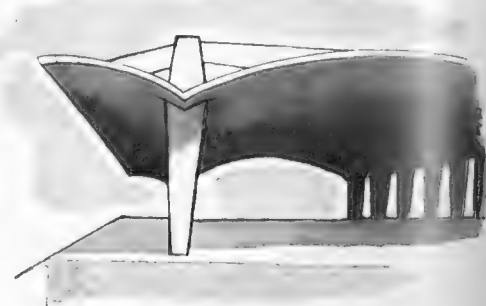
One sees many new office blocks with a wavy concrete canopy running part of the way across the façade, but these frills are usually intended to brighten up a boring façade, and amount to little. The successful arcade will not look like a frill stuck on afterwards, but will be an important part of the total design.

The pedestrian shopping precinct at Coventry suggests quite a different use of the arcade: for the double-decker row of shops. A gallery, that forms a pavement outside the upper shops, is the canopy to the lower ones, and will in turn be shaded by its own canopy. The design in such canopies, done at Coventry in jazzy metal, suggests infinite variations in design, in wood, in metal, in concrete, even in plastic material.

Then there is the arcade as a road-widening device. Traffic engineers consider that it has big possibilities in congested narrow streets. What you do is to take away the pavements

on either side of a street with suitable buildings, and push back the shop fronts. A new covered pavement then runs along where the shop windows used to be, and the roadway is two pavement-widths wider. Of course the shops lose some of their floor space and have to be compensated, but that is likely to be much cheaper than demolishing an entire row of buildings in a district where property is valuable. Besides, many shopkeepers would rather submit to minor architectural surgery if it enables them to carry on their businesses in the same place.

I can see a big future for the arcade, but it does not quite stretch to infinity. Buildings are always getting bigger in scale, and in fact. For some time now our attention has been fixed on the height of buildings. Nervously we watch them getting taller and taller. But this is not to say that they are not getting wider as well. We have timber paraboloids spanning 100 feet, huge concrete stadiums, great cantilevered shells like the one in the picture. But all this begins to look quite small when you reflect that Buckminster Fuller knows how to construct a dome two miles in diameter. Fuller, whose smaller domes are so light they can be carried by helicopter (and are used by the U.S. navy all over the world), claims that he can now roof over a whole town, and I believe him. You put up the dome first and then build the town at your leisure, in the dry. This is a



sinister idea to a nation like ours, hardly reconciled to central heating—"What, no fresh air?" It may be that the small egg-shaped genius responsible for it may not live to see his idea materialize, but materialize it will. But that will be, one supposes, in underdeveloped areas, for completely new projects. Meanwhile in old done-for places like western Europe we can go right on planning our arcades.

Diana Rowntree daydreams about shopping under cover, a consummation not only devoutly to be wished but architecturally feasible. Meanwhile Ida Kar photographs the blessings the West End does have

THE COVER: Girl meets beadle in the Burlington Arcade. The girl wears a coat of glove cape trimmed with white fox, and a hat also of white fox (84 gns. and 21 gns. each from Bazaar, King's Rd., Chelsea and Brompton Road).

Photographed by COLIN SHERBORNE.



Looking down on the Royal Arcade, architecturally one of the most elegant



ARCADIANS *continued*



With these 100-year-old scissors Mr. Brettell still cuts shirts to measure. His father was hosier to Queen Victoria. The business dates from 1880



Post-war newcomer to the black-&-gold fronted shops, running between Albermarle Street and New Bond Street, is Mr. Poole, a stamp dealer



Breath of Paris came to London this year with the opening of Faubourg St. Honoré, specializing in Hermes' famous leather goods and accessories. Miss Lila Bailony manages this high-quality presents shop on the corner of Jermyn Street and behind the enterprise is Mr. Mark Birley



Celebrated for its Wedgwood and Spode china is Gered. Wolf Mankowitz has his office upstairs and often looks in—his sister, Miss Mankowitz, presides



Margaret Mackenzie heads an all-Scottish staff selling Scottish specialties. She has cloth woven in the Lowlands, and her own knitters in the Islands

The Royal Arcade



Michael Kent directs an individual travel & theatre-ticket service in the oldest arcade, built after the 1789 fire at Her Majesty's Theatre (then "King's" or "Opera House")

The Piccadilly Arcade



Flowers at Zinnia, a new branch of the Jermyn Street firm. This arcade is being preserved amid the rebuilding for the new New Zealand House

Opposite: Miniature bow window front every shop in the Piccadilly Arcade, which connects Piccadilly with Jermyn Street (as does Princes Arcade). The lanterns, too, are delightful

The Royal Opera Arcade



ARCADIANS *continued*



Tapestries and antique textiles, sold mostly to galleries, museums and churches, are at Arditti & Mayorcas in Princes Arcade. They supplied the Florentine embroidery drapes behind the altar in restored St. James's nearby

The Princes Arcade

Members of the Royal family, including the Duchess of Gloucester, are among the customers of Jeremy, Miss Marjorie Kirby's toy shop. She represents the arcade at the Piccadilly & St. James's Association



Mr. Bayly has been in the arcade 14 years. He sells mostly Victoriana and makes mats, dolls' furniture and birdcages from old prints, &c. Last year the Queen Mother was amused by one of his Victorian china pieces given her on her birthday





The Burlington Arcade

Mr. Clive Allen, seen with a customer, owns Rood's. Royal Warrant holders, they were at one time jewellers to Queen Mary. They sell mostly to titled families, and to actors and actresses

Lord George Cavendish, who lived in Burlington House, commissioned Samuel Ware to build the arcade in 1818. Reputed to have cost £40,000, it became the model for English shopping arcades. David Lord's, hosiers & gloves, started business when it opened

The Burlington Glass Shop, run by Miss Irene Walton, sells wares as elegant as the arcade itself—where whistling, singing, playing musical instruments, opening umbrellas and running are all forbidden. Until recently, so were prams





COUNTER SPY

in Arcadia

ESPIONAGE BY
MINETTE SHEPARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PRISCILLA CONRAN

Piccadilly Arcade. *The Keyser Galleries, just over three years in the Arcade, specialize in antiques. This Chelsea china parrot is part of a charming and varied collection of English and Continental porcelain figures of all periods, with particular emphasis on birds. In brilliant green and red, it stands about 15 inches high and costs £45. The Galleries also have a display of antique furniture, mostly English*



Princes Arcade. Josephine Hurley has the only boutique in this arcade and specializes almost entirely in knitwear. Occasionally she has the odd "toile" for short evening or cocktail dresses from Italy, which she will make to measure. But generally her clothes are not made to order at all. Her collection of knitwear—in pure wool, cotton or silk—is mostly from Italy and she particularly specializes in suits and jackets. She also has attractive silk and cotton shirts, and water-repellent pure silk scarves in many colours, exclusive to her

Burlington Arcade. *Hummel, who have three shops in the Arcade, are best known for their authentically detailed, hand-painted miniature soldiers, in metal, plaster or hand-carved wood. The three shown*



are metal. Black Watch Highlander (centre) is 5½ in. high, costs £5 (stand 4s. 6d. extra). The officers on either side, 17th/21st Lancers (left) and Coldstream Guards, costs 4 gns. each. The soft toys cost 8s. each and are pliable and washable. Hummel have a large collection of other toys

Royal Opera Arcade. The Richards Press, now at No. 5, are a small firm of publishers who also have some interesting and unusual second-hand books for sale. Both in the books they publish and the second-hand copies they specialize in the 1890's, with books by Oscar Wilde and Frank Harris and the drawings of Beardsley. Mr. Secker, the director, is an authority on this period and they have some first editions. The firm was founded in 1897 by Grant Richards who published Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*

Royal Arcade. Beryl Taylor designs a new collection twice a year and her shop has a large selection of tailored suits, day and short evening dresses, and shirts—usually sizes 36 in. to 42 in. If a customer wants a model in a particular material, there are many swatches to choose from (the extra charge over the model's original price is 3 to 5 gns.). The shop also has budget collections—in the summer mainly Continental cottons ranging from 5 to 8 gns; in the winter mostly plain jersey dresses from 8 to 12 gns. Beryl Taylor can plan a wardrobe of travel clothes with minimum luggage in mind; also three or four piece interchangeable suits. For early spring cruises, they have silk and cotton clothes and for those expecting a cold winter and spring, some attractive little fur jackets, or full-length fur coats made to measure



Princes Arcade. *Michèle Ties are sole agents for the ties of Pierre Cardin, whose men's wear has been causing such a stir in Paris. Four examples shown are, from left, a black and bronze woven silk check with a black stripe, a pale beige shaded silk; a pure cashmere in green paisley; and across them, a grey and brown fine jersey. Cardin's ties cost 3 gns. and are all cut on the cross and lined throughout. Michèle Ties have a large selection of ties of all kinds*

Burlington Arcade. Unicorn Leather Company specialize in briefcases of all sizes in a variety of leathers. This large oak calf overnight briefcase has a centre zip section for pyjamas, slippers etc., and an outer zip pocket with an alphabetical index file (17 gns.). The slim coach-hide briefcase has a neat lock and retractable handles (£5 15s. 6d.).



Apart from briefcases (which they make themselves and their other speciality—coach-hide shoulder bags—they have many other leather goods. Also an initialling service which takes seven days



Rupert obliges in a scarlet plush pullover with navy and white stripes at neck and cuffs. Washable, it costs £1 16s. 9d. from Harrods. Tara wears a white wool jumper with a stripling stripe in orange and a permanently pleated skirt in grey washable jersey. Sweater: £1 16s. 6d., skirt: £2 19s. 6d., both at He and She, Connaught Street, W.2. The shoes in question are blue calf, price £2 7s. 9d. from Mondaine, Knightsbridge

One, two, buckle my shoe

Presenting in a
sequence of familiar
nursery rhyme some
gay clothes for
young gadders



The young visitors make a dashing entrance. Tara in a raspberry red jersey suit: £7 16s. 6d., her bootees cost £2 15s. 3d.—Rupert in a red and white jersey blazer: 74s. 6d., red Terylene shorts: 32s. 6d., shoes: 3 gns. All at Harvey Nichols, shoes by Mondaine

The stick gatherers are chic and chill-proofed in knitted wool clothes by Jaeger. Rupert wears navy pants, £1 17s. 6d. & red jumper, about 3 gns., shoes, £3 2s. 6d. Tara wears blue pants, £1 17s. 6d., white jumper, 2 gns. Cap 10s. 11d. Brogues: £2 10s. 6d. At Jaeger Regent St. & Manchester. Shoes by Mondaine, Knightsbridge

*Three, four,
knock at the door*

*Five, six,
pick up sticks*



*Seven, eight,
lay them straight*

Opposite: The children in the garden are dressed by Harrods. Rupert wears a yellow and white waterproof top and yellow trousers costing together £3 4s. 9d. Tara a pale blue hooded jacket with a furry lining, £5 7s. 6d., pale blue pants in waterproof cotton, £1 19s. 9d. Red wool gloves: 8s. 11d. All from a selection at Harrods



Nine, ten, a big fat hen

Tara takes a mechanical pet for a walk in a royal blue jumper suit with a white jersey belt and neckband and a knife pleated skirt. It washes and costs £5 4s. 6d. from He and She, Connaught Street, W.2. Hen from a selection at Harrods, of Knightsbridge

Eleven, twelve, dig and delve

Rupert gardens in a snug proofed poplin duffle jacket with pocket and collar trimmed with ribbed wool and a quilted lining. By Minimode, about 3 gns. at Selfridges; Jack & Jill, South Bridge, Edinburgh. Partnered by green flecked jersey pants: 30s. from Harvey Nichols



Thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting

Firm friends meet here wearing gay coats. Tara's is coral bouclé with a braid trim. Bootees: £2 15s. 3d. Rupert's coat is striped in muted grey and white. Boots cost £2 15s. 3d. Both coats by Juni, around £6 10s. each at Selfridges; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham. Red wool gloves at Harrods. Shoes by Mondaine, Knightsbridge



Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen

Opposite: Sasha wears a workmanlike mixture of red and white houndstooth check for a morning in the kitchen. The wool dress has flat, hip-level pleats and a red grosgrain trimming. From Horrockses Pirouette range, it costs 87s. 6d. Apron: 9s. 6d. Both from Gay Child, South Molton Street, London





Seventeen, eighteen, maids-in-waiting

Opposite: For bridesmaids in waiting, white nylon organza dresses flocked with pink rosebuds and mounted on white nylon taffeta petticoats. Pink velvet sashes trim both dresses. Sasha's with its tiered cape shoulder-line costs 11 gns. Tara's has a frilled neck and hem and costs 10 gns. Dresses and circlets are from Phyllis Law, George Street, W.1. The posies from Edward Goodyear, Brook Street, W.1

Prettily dressed to ask for more, Tara wears a green and white checked dress, smocked back and front and frilled at neck and sleeve with white organdie stitched in green. With matching pants, it costs 6 gns. and comes from Phyllis Law, George Street, W.1

Nineteen, twenty, my plate's empty





The waterfront—centre of Giglio's tiny commerce



Torre Campese—one of 48 Medici "Martellos"



Island fisherman brings in his seine at nightfall

THE ISLAND OF THE LILY



Giglio Porto—the island's only harbour

IN MID-NOVEMBER the Island of the Lily has a fiesta that recalls its rugged history. It is not recommended to visitors. Indeed the captain of my ship said to me: "At fiesta time I stay aboard!" But if the islanders have a somewhat abandoned celebration it is easy to understand how the tradition began. Corsairs were for centuries the curse of Isola de Giglio, as the island is called on the map, and Barbarossa actually carried off all 700 inhabitants in 1534 and sold them as slaves, even the old ones and the children. The island, which is in the same Mediterranean group as Elba, was repopulated with 50 families from the Tuscan mainland. But the pirates continued to harry them until, as late as 1790, the marauders were pushed back into the sea for good. This glorious victory was achieved with the moral support of the island's patron saint, San Mamiliano, and it is to him that due thanks are given at the annual fiesta, celebrated with an enthusiasm that would have delighted Norman Douglas.

But the fiesta is only one reminder of Giglio's grim past. At Campese, the sandy bay on the western coast, stands one of the

best-preserved of the towers built by the Medici to repel the Barbary pirates. (It is now the beautifully furnished home of the Italian industrialist, Dellefiane.) Giglio Costello, the original settlement, is perched 1,400 feet up on the mountain spine, seeking safety in height, like the Villes Perchés of the Côte d'Azur. Today its fortified walls quietly crumble in the sun, and even during the day the townlet dozes for most of the men are away working at the iron mines over the mountain. The two tiny cafés seem shut, but it is worth knocking up Paolino in case he will let you buy a glass of Aleatico. He grows his own grapes for his own brew of this much prized muscat vintage. Reminiscent of Marsala, it is unfortunately becoming difficult to find throughout Italy. No one could be enthusiastic about Giglio *vino ordinario*. The island is so small they cannot grow enough grapes to make red and white wine, so the whole lot seems to be churned together to make a rose-coloured but somewhat distasteful fluid. However, hang the expense, the best famous Tuscan Chianti from the mainland is only about 3s. a bottle.

Nowadays Giglio Porto, with its harbour, is the focus of island life. Every evening at six when the daily boat is expected from the mainland the girls stroll in their pretty frocks; those who are expecting someone mill on to the small jetty; those who are not drink in the waterside cafés and quiz the new arrivals. As the elegant white ship glides in the small boys will sometimes welcome her with an impromptu carillon, banging the great iron rings each in turn on the stone quay.

Most of the men in Giglio Porto live by the sea, and often they manage to be without a ship for the halcyon summer months so they can come home to their lovely island. Not only do they fish and sail and swim, but some like Justino study for their Master's ticket. The husband of Marinella was still at sea when I climbed to her house above the town. She must have the most enchanting hairdresser's shop in the world. Framing your face you can see the whole of the harbour in the mirror before you, and while your hair is dried you sit on the verandah under the vines and the bougainvillea. All this AND Marinella sets your hair the way *you* want it . . . so rare in London and Rome.

Anne Bolt describes and photographs her favourite Mediterranean island—a Sark in the sun

It is a tiny island, only five miles by three. With a cinema, only two roads, three taxis, and a bus on cars it could perhaps be called the Sark of the Mediterranean. And just as some people prefer the wildness of Sark to all the attractions of the other Channel Isles, so do I and Giglio the most charming of the Tuscan archipelago. Elba, the largest of the nine islands, received its famous visitor in 1814 but relapsed into obscurity until a few years ago. Nowadays, that iron-mine isle of the ancient Etruscans throbs with happy tourists, and real-estate agents are even happier. Most of the other Tuscan islands are unknown rocks, except Monte Cristo, which inspired Dumas *père*. Prompted by the boom in Elba, an international hotel is planned for this craggy height, but Italians shake dubious heads for water is scarce and vipers are not. Fortunately nobody seems to have heard about Giglio.

During August and September, when the Italian mainland swelters, sea breezes temper the island climate and if the air does not quite inebriate, the local wine at only 1s. 3d. a carafe, does. Certainly one can pay one's holiday with a smile. The best hotel, run

by the ex-Mayor Sr. Cavero, provides a shower with every room and a balcony over the sea for less than £2 a day. In most parts of the world fishermen rival the sharks they catch, but in Giglio when naming their modest price, they ask in friendly fashion if you think it's fair.

The best way to get to the uncrowded and uncluttered sandy beaches is in a fisherman's small boat. It chugs northwards to Cala Arenella or southwards for Cala Canelle and Cala Caldana—which means the "hot beach," and certainly is so sheltered it is ideal even for a late-autumn holiday. There is swimming off the rocks by Demo's Hotel and the under-water fishing is a joy—not only there but all round the island. For the energetic the 20 minutes' walk to Cala Canelle is sheer delight. The cliff path is perfumed with aromatic herbs, and the Tyrrhenian sea shades from turquoise to wine-dark below. All propaganda about the walks to the other beaches, however, should be firmly ignored, unless you happen to have packed puttees to protect the legs from the "maquis," and are in training for a Himalayan Expedition—but then who isn't? Other local propaganda to be viewed with some suspicion is the rough shooting in October and November. Though quail, widgeon, snipe and somewhat athletic rabbits abound, the operative word is "rough." Giglio is a steeply mountainous island, completely covered in scrub, apart from the small vine terraces and the gay gardens cut out of the hillside near the coast.

Lobsters are almost my staple diet on the island, but just because I like it that way. There is no lack of variety, and the spaghetti *con vongole* is specially delicious. The Romans affect to despise this dish of *pasta* served with tiny clams, popular in the back streets of Naples. And Romans seem to be the main holiday-makers in Giglio. A few Swiss were in evidence but only the rare Britisher. Two or three visiting yachts sometimes decorate the sheltered harbour. "Midge" a minute three-tonner had made the journey from England via the Gironde canal, but other yachts presented a confusing conglomeration of nationalities until it transpired that they were all Italian—avoiding the high yacht tax by using flags of convenience.

No one on Giglio can be said to speak English, but they are so friendly I am sure "*Che gelida manina!*" or "*Che sera sera!*"—according to sex—would be adequate to most situations.

It is not a convenient journey to the Island of the Lily, and with luck the average tourist



will not consider it. Then the genuine traveller will be able to enjoy the rather gentle charm of Giglio in continued peace and happiness.

But for those who really would like to know I suppose I had better admit that the best way is to fly by night either to Rome or Pisa. Thence it is a train journey of some 2½ hours to Orbetello, where a local bus or a 15s. taxi will transport you to Porto Santo Stefano (time: about half an hour). At 5 p.m. the *Motonave "Aegilium"* crosses the 11 or so miles to Giglio. Travelling by day flight misses the boat and the only solution is a night-stop *en route*.



NEWS PORTRAITS

ARTIST Jean Cocteau, master of more arts than are easily listed, worked on a mural for Notre Dame Church off Leicester Square while in London for the Royal Festival Hall performance of his opera-oratorio *Oedipus* with Rex Stravinsky. The mural is Cocteau's gift to the Church in return for services rendered to him by the French Embassy in London. There are three walls—an Annunciation, a Crucifixion and an Assumption—and Cocteau was helped in the work by his son and another young artist. He wrote the libretto of Stravinsky's opera 30 years ago and narrated the action at the Festival Hall late-night performance



AUTHORITY Mrs. Carmen Gronau, seen with Mr. Peter Wilson, chairman of Sotheby's, is herself a director of the firm and the only top woman executive of her kind in the world. An expert on Old Masters she has helped restore them to favour with sales climaxed by the record-breaking £275,000 for Rubens's *Adoration of the Magi*. Her most recent discovery was a 15th-century altar piece *The Resurrection*, later sold for £31,000. Sotheby's, whose gross takings for the 1958-9 season approached the £6,000,000 mark, may add a further £700,000 to that total with the sale of post-Impressionist masterpieces opening today



DESIGNER 1 Mr. Beverley Pick, F.S.I.A., is turning Regent Street from tomorrow into a vast illuminated ballroom with 25 giant chandeliers and 20,000 twinkling lights. For the first time permission has been given for fully electrified features over the street. The chandeliers (a model is shown) are approximately 25 ft. high and 10 ft. in diameter, each incorporating more than 600 lamps. They are suspended from roof-top, cross-street steel cables at intervals of about 100 feet along Regent Street and round Oxford Circus. This is the fifth time Mr. Pick has designed the Regent Street Christmas decorations



Barry Swaabe

Alan Vines



DESIGNER 2 Professor Misha Black, new President of the International Council of Societies of Industrial Designers, is co-ordinator of the interior decoration of the new 40,000 ton Oriana, first British-built passenger liner to have an uncompromisingly modern interior. Mr. Black, recently appointed to the Chair of Industrial Design at the Royal College of Art, has also designed British Railways' new diesel locomotive and is at work on a new market square for Burslem. The Design Research Unit, of which he is senior partner (he founded it with Milner Gray), covers a range from exhibitions to pots and pans



THEATRE

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

These characters puncture the plot

The plays **A GLIMPSE OF THE SEA****LAST DAY IN DREAMLAND**

(Jill Bennett, Pamela Lane, Paul Daneman, Charles Workman, Charles Leno.)

The films **BABETTE GOES TO WAR**

(Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier, Francis Blanche, Ronald Howard, Hannes Messemer, Yves Vincent.) Director Christian-Jaque.

THE SAVAGE EYE "X" Certificate

(Barbara Baxley, Gary Merrill.) Director Joseph Strick.

POWER AMONG MEN

Documentary. Directors Thorold Dickinson & J. C. Sheers

The records **BLUES FROM THE GUTTER** by Jack Dupree**RAGTIME** by Eubie Blake**ONE MORE TIME** by Count Basie**BILLIE HOLIDAY** by Webster Young and Quinichell**AFTERNOON IN PARIS** by the Modern Jazz Quartet*The books* **THE SEA CHANGE**

By Elizabeth Jane Howard (Cape, 18s.)

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

By Garrett Mattingly (Cape, 25s.)

MARCEL PROUST

By George D. Painter (Chatto & Windus, 30s.)

THE TEN PAINS OF DEATH

By Gavin Maxwell (Longmans, 30s.)

NOTHING BUT MAX

By Giovanetti (Macmillan, 20s.)

MERRY CHRISTMAS, HAPPY NEW YEAR

By Phyllis McGinley (Secker & Warburg, 12s. 6d.)

THELWELL COUNTRY

By Thelwell (Methuen, 15s.)

HOFFNUNG'S ACOUSTICS

By Gerald Hoffnung (Putnam, 5s.)

THE TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS AT THE Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, are perhaps not much in themselves. They are nevertheless well worth seeing.

Mr. Willis Hall, the author of *The Long And The Short And The Tall*, has the exceedingly rare gift of being able to create characters who are often more lifelike than the stage action in which they are involved.

He has a way of reminding us that we are accustomed to expect to understand most stage characters in a way we seldom or never understand people in real life. Real people will now and then surprise and even astonish us with what they say and do, and when this has happened once or twice we grow wary of predicting what they will say or do next.

It is this element of inexplicability which we find in the most successful of Mr. Hall's characters. At some moment when the pattern of events seems practically to compel the conventional response they will suddenly speak spontaneously and directly out of some altogether unsuspected part of their nature. We realize that they are human beings, not merely people in a play, and that, like ourselves, they are surprised, perplexed and perhaps horrified by impulses that spring suddenly from they don't quite know where.

A Glimpse Of The Sea is crowded—perhaps a little overcrowded—with surprises of this sort. The young wife surprises her husband having an affair with a girl from his office at a tatty seaside hotel. Before she has settled the business, all three have been surprised by themselves.

The wife is the first of the trio to be surprised. Her feelings at discovering her husband living with another woman are not in the least what she had been led by women's magazines to expect they would be. She is quite as much hurt as, by all the romantic rules, she should be, but she is also amused by the situation and, instead of being angry or distraught, she is unusually cool and, for a wife who has made a habit of being endearingly childish, strangely and firmly determined to fight her corner without sparing anybody.

It is comparatively easy for her to

make the husband uncomfortable but she is necessarily at a disadvantage against the mistress. She is quick to see that it is her business to reduce the lady from the level of a person to that of a type, and her rival is soon protesting—and vainly protesting—that she is not in the habit of finding herself in the position of an unscrupulous home-wrecker.

Thus down-graded, the mistress can give the husband little help when the wife really settles down to turn his discomfort into a state of paralysing shyness. Outrageously, she introduces the silly games that the pompous husband used to divert his childish wife. This is too much for the mistress. She realizes that for all her habitual efficiency as a public relations officer and a potentially solicitous wife, she is jealous.

She therefore withdraws, surprised at the discovery of her own vulnerability.

The victorious wife has also a surprise in store for herself. This maliciously amusing affair would not have happened if her marriage had not already broken up. She also withdraws. The pompous husband is left to be surprised at his own double failure.

Miss Jill Bennett is excellent as the childish wife learning womanly wisdom by degrees; Mr. Paul Daneman no less excellent as the humourless husband; and Miss Pamela Lane as the disillusioned mistress holds up her end of the triangle well.

If the story by itself is nothing, the characterization is always true and penetrating.

The same may be said for *Last Day In Dreamland*, a more or less static study of amusement arcade workers in a seaside town. Each has a useful trade which he intends to take up one day, but, such is the lure of cheap showmanship and high seasonal earnings, the next season is bound to see them all back again after a winter lived with the help of public assistance provided by a tolerant society.

Both these pieces were written for television and, not surprisingly, are a little wanting in stage intensity, but the people in them are a great deal more real than are to be met with in many better made plays on the London stage.



SEASIDE FOLLIES: Left: *The injured wife* (Jill Bennett) tries the surest way of sinking an arrow into the conscience of her erring husband (Paul Daneman) in *A Glimpse Of The Sea*. Right: *The good-time-boys of the summer season, now at its end, stoke up to face the bleak winter ahead*, in *Last Day In Dreamland* (Brian Murray, Charles Leno, Daniel Moynihan, Paul Daneman)



CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

The Resistance Kitten is—guess who?

WITH A DARING VERGING ON THE foolhardy, Mlle Brigitte Bardot has been dressed from top to toe in her latest film, *Babette Goes To War*. This, to an artist whose chief strength has hitherto lain in her willingness to reveal almost all (in one case—the camera exercising discretion—absolutely all), must have constituted a formidable challenge. Mlle Bardot has risen gallantly to it and the daring of the director, M. Christian-Jaque, proves justified: the (if you will pardon the expression) Sex Kitten has never before been so appetizing or so entertaining as in this extremely well-done piece of nonsense.

The "funny" war film is not precisely my cup of tea: having undergone two wars, I am inclined to regard the whole thing as an overrated and far from amusing pastime. But this film has been wittily written, brightly directed and is played with charm, élan and a great (sometimes slightly macabre) sense of the ridiculous—and, therefore, I am prepared not only to accept it but to recommend it to you with considerable warmth.

Babette (Mlle Bardot), a patriotic French refugee, attaches herself to the Free French forces in London in 1940. An eccentric British Intelligence officer (Mr. Ronald Howard giving a delightfully breezy performance) observes that she bears a strong resemblance to the one-time girl-friend of the German General Von Arenberg (Herr Hannes Messemer)—and it is at his suggestion that Babette is parachuted into France to bewitch and, with the help of a handsome French lieutenant (M. Jacques

Charrier), to kidnap the general.

In Paris, Babette falls into the hands of a fanatical Gestapo Leader, Schulz—as whom M. Francis Blanche, an actor unknown to me, gives a demented performance of positive genius. His wild eyes, wobbling behind pebble lenses, see in Babette a means of trapping the general whom he suspects of plotting against Hitler: she is, as records show, exactly Von Arenberg's type—he will tell her all and then (Schulz licks his lips) he and all his associates can be shot. There is nothing so enjoyable as a wholesale shooting: Schulz beams affectionately upon Babette, installs her luxuriously at Gestapo Headquarters and guarantees to provide her with every facility for ensnaring the general.

Finding the Gestapo so fortuitously and obligingly—and unwittingly—eager to further her own ends, Babette, who has not previously shown much sign of intelligence, blossoms out into a first-class Mata Hari and doesn't miss a trick. Neither do the scriptwriters and the director—who have successfully contrived to keep the comedy lilting along to a happy and agreeably ironic conclusion. Mlle Bardot is throughout circumspect—not necessarily because this time she is playing opposite her new, young husband, M. Charrier—and, for once, I found her quite endearing.

As a social document, *The Savage Eye* is a curiously impressive but definitely depressing piece of work—largely because, though the story it tells is an imaginary one, the pictures it presents of humanity at its most

despicable and pitiable are entirely authentic and strictly documentary. The commentary—a conversation between a woman (Miss Barbara Baxley) and her conscience, or Good Angel, or Jiminy Cricket or what have you (Mr. Gary Merrill)—struggles, rather self-consciously, to be "poetic." The message it seeks to convey in its elaborate word-play was given to us long ago in the utmost simplicity by Our Lord: "Love one another."

Judith (Miss Baxley) an American who has divorced her faithless husband, joins the legions of women "living on bourbon, cottage cheese and alimony." They strive to hang on to their vanishing youth—in the beauty parlour sad faces with unkind eyes peer out from under the hair-driers. They seek diversion at the all-in wrestling—hysterically screaming for a kill.

They vainly pursue happiness in bars: grim faces tremble and fill with self-pity after a few glasses, and tears of pure alcohol trickle down. They try their luck at the card tables—unsmiling gamblers for whom Fortune, too, remains unsmiling. They endure the drunken caresses of lonely men at reeling parties, watch with them the antics of strip-tease girls at dismal clubs, and the writhings of elderly homosexuals, wearing women's clothes, at organized orgies.

They seek comfort from so-called faith healers: these scenes are perhaps the most appalling of all—for here, it seemed to me, their desperate longing for something to believe in, something to persuade them that they are still alive, is most cynically exploited. After a visit to one of these "temples," Judith drives her car away in a state of panic—and crashes. The ending—her final acceptance of and desire to obey Christ's commandment—is, I feel in the circumstances, rather hard to credit.

Bowed down by gloom—this striking film having made me wonder why we worry about the total extermination of the human race if it has come to such an

unpretty pass—I was overjoyed to find in Messrs. Thorold Dickinson and J. C. Sheers's film, *Power Among Men*, a sense of uplift. Their account of the work of the United Nations—the rebuilding of a derelict Italian village near Monte Cassino, the reclamation of waste land in Haiti, the harnessing of water-power and the building of a whole new community housing people of 31 different nations in Canada—gives one hope for mankind. We are not all, one sighs with relief to learn, rotten to the core.



DOUBLE PARTNERSHIP: In her new film *Babette Goes To War*, Brigitte Bardot plays an undercover agent transmitting radio messages from the heart of Paris. Top: Her team-mate in Gestapo-baiting, Jacques Charrier (her husband in real life) takes the part of a Free French Officer

PERFUME SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

LANCÔME

Magie 'Baton'

Trésor 'Pendant'

Trésor 'Tear Drop'

Magie 'Sphere'

Envol 'Amphora'

Fleches d'Or



BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

The triangle has four sides

ELIZABETH JANE HOWARD IS AN extremely intelligent novelist with a beautiful, intricate, highly finished style, and each of her three novels bears an idiosyncratic signature. *The Sea Change* is a long and meticulous, delicate story about an uneasy quadrilateral—a successful ageing playwright, his difficult sick wife, his dedicated young assistant,

and a bright-eyed girl who gets taken on as secretary in this most civilized cannibalistic household and is the innocent cause of a general shift in the pattern.

The book is complicated—the place moves between London, New York and Greece, and each member of the quartet becomes narrator in turn—and is about immensely

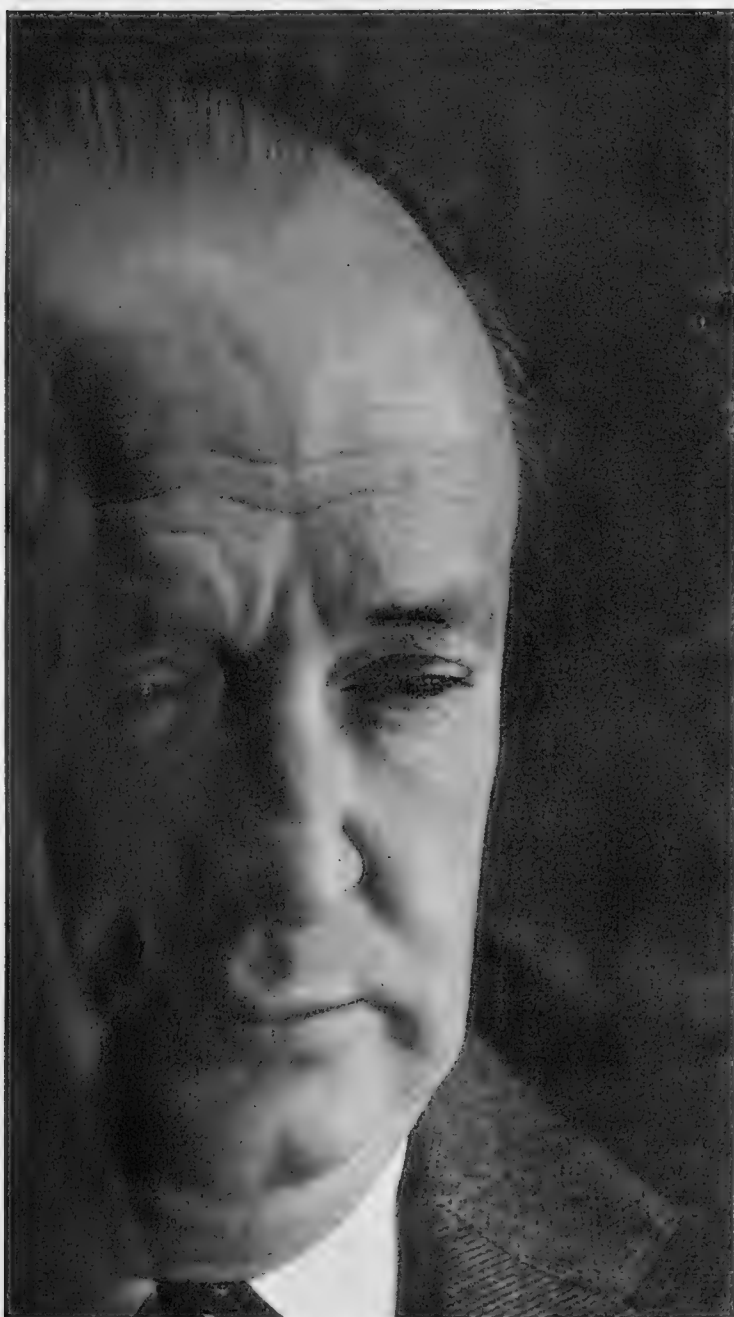
complicated people. They examine their own feelings and predicaments with such a dazzle of intelligence, such acuteness and hypersensitivity that sometimes I had an uncomfortable sensation of being a clod-hopping intruder—as though one were staring intently and impolitely at the exposed nervous systems of sad victims in self-built cages.

This is not to say Miss Howard is cold or dispassionate about her characters—far from it. She is tremendously and closely involved with them, shares their pain and walks delicately about in the private corners of their hearts and minds. She has a wonderful and witty eye for detail, and can give you a complete and blade-sharp picture of how someone looked, a restaurant,

a party, the contents of a room, together with subtle half-questions, balancings and advances and withdrawals in the state of an emotional change. It is a virtuoso book, tightly strung, with every move and every sentence constructed with the greatest care. At half the length, I think it might have been a small masterpiece. As it is I am left greatly admiring the understanding and the complexity of the mind that gave these characters life, and at the same time nervously exhausted. But it's a book not to miss.

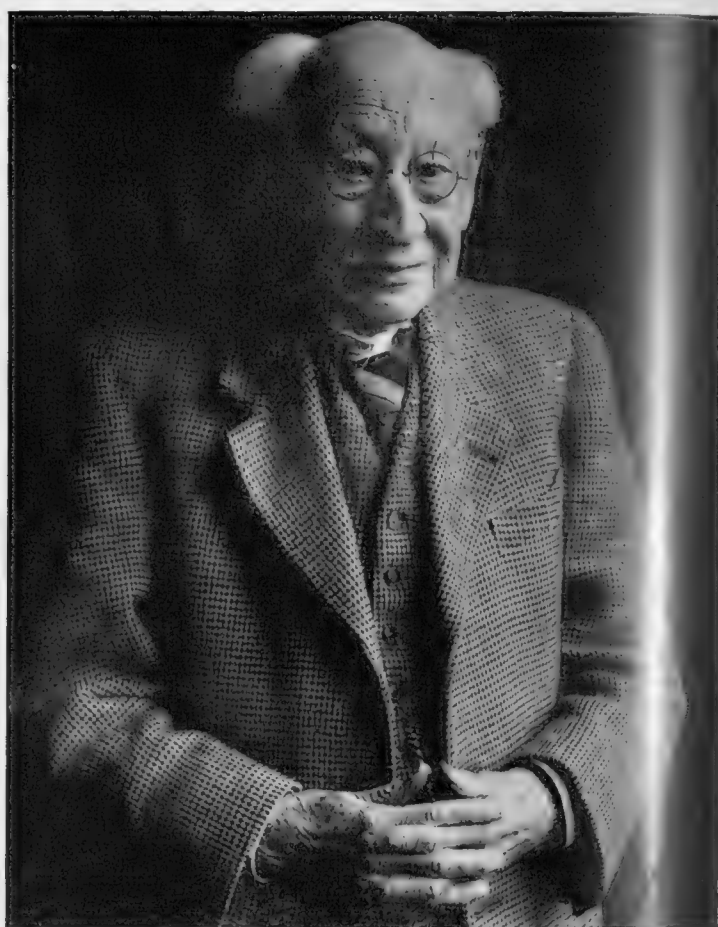
The notion of writing *The Defeat Of The Spanish Armada* came to Garrett Mattingly in 1940—one can well see why, but the surprise is that no one had thought of such a

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Colin Sherborne

STORM CENTRE: Sixty-year-old Vladimir Nabokov came to London recently for the publication here of his controversial novel *Lolita*. As a young man he fled to England during the Bolshevik revolution, and later took a Cambridge degree and wrote his first novels. In 1940 he went to America and became Professor of Russian & European Literature at Cornell University. His hobbies are chess and butterfly hunting



Allan Chappelow

SET FAIR for his century is Edén Phillpotts, who this month celebrated his 97th birthday. He has not been to London for 30 years. At his home, East Clyst, near Exeter (where this photograph was taken) he is writing another book. It will be his 252nd. He has never been to see a stage or screen production of his work—not even of his famous play *Yellow Sands*, which had a long London run in the '20s—except when performed by a local company

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superb subject before. He begins the story with the close of Mary Queen of Scots's life, and makes a wonderful, enthralling thing of the whole narrative—popular without being souped-up, and only very rarely falling into those small comments ("It must have been a long time since Elizabeth had enjoyed herself so much" . . . "one fancies the leisurely bowler's stance as he hefts his wood and eyes the jack"—Drake is about to make his legendary comment—) that speckle the work of more self-indulgent historians of the what-could-have-been-Gloriana's-thoughts-in-this-dark-hour kind.

The book is gorgeously produced, with a great many hypnotic portraits of those shuttered, bearded, black-eyed, watchful and unsmiling English and Spanish faces, so formal, foxy and elegantly ruffled.

I am late, but wholly enthusiastic, in recommending the first volume of George D. Painter's biography of Marcel Proust, a masterly and completely enthralling book—it has been a vintage year for biography, with this and the peerless *Mistress To An Age*. And no one should let the year go by without reading Gavin Maxwell's agonizing book about Sicily, *The Ten Pains Of Death* with its Sicilian portraits done from direct quotation—a book that really began with his fine study of the Giuliano affair, *God Protect Me From My Friends*.

Since we are coming up to Christmas, maybe now is the time

to mention some of the funny books and cartoon collections (it has always been a puzzle to me why we are not supposed to laugh at any other time of the year, but perhaps publishers know best). Giovanetti's *Nothing But Max* carries on where this delectable and passionate hamster—if such he be—left off last. Now he is in frequent, furious trouble with spaghetti, skis, guitars, stoves, pistols, and, rather weirdly, full armour, and I find him a splendid and suitable hero (no anti-hero he) for the second half of the twentieth century. *Merry Christmas, Happy New Year* is a collection of cool, witty, New Yorkery topical verse by Phyllis McGinley, sharp and sweet at the same time, nicely decorated—a sort of super Christmas card, maybe. *Thelwell Country* is a collection of Thelwell's black, determined and unarcadian comments on the rural scene, full of giant tractors and sheep, foxes and hounds in their massed thousands—I find them very funny, especially those haunting, ferocious female pygmies air-borne on the backs of fiery dumpling ponies. And *Hoffnung's Acoustics*—the last book from the wild eccentric pen of the late Gerard Hoffnung, is a marvellous and thoroughly unnerving collection of musical sounds amazingly made visible. He had a strange, unique genius, and we shall miss him.

Postscript: Yes, indeed, I read *Lolita*. But you don't really want to read one more comment on it? No, I thought not.

OUT NEXT WEEK

The Christmas Shopping Number

A 96-page issue of The TATLER will be on sale on 2 December, price 2s., with special sections on ideas for presents, children's books and beauty products, together with the usual full social coverage and supporting features

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RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

Champion Jack comes to town

A FEW YEARS AGO THE IDEA OF bringing an unheard-of blues singer to London to make club appearances, would have been regarded as madness. Now it is to become the policy of the new Jazzshows Jazz Club to present a regular feature of solo American artists in England; their first is Champion Jack Dupree, a 50-year-old veteran from New Orleans, who learned his jazz the hard way. He is primarily a pianist in my eyes, and a remarkably interesting one at that. Completely untrained, technically inaccurate, but with an untold reserve of musical experience on which to draw, he represents a generation of jazzmen who are few and far between.

Dupree sounds far better in the

flesh than on record. For one thing, his voice sounds less deadpan, for another he is not inflected with a diabolical sort of rock 'n' roll rhythm section. Despite these adversities, *Blues from the gutter* (London LTZ-K-15171) presents some interesting tracks, which give the listener a clear picture of his unsophisticated style, if not of his ability.

I heard him as a bold, but somewhat crude, pianist, rapping out fearsome five finger exercises in boogie tempo, and forsaking the upper regions of the keyboard completely when he stood up and made merry with both hands in the bottom octave of the piano. I recommend Champion Dupree as an impressive exponent of the style

generally known as "barrelhouse."

Another barrelhouse pianist who makes a rare recorded appearance this month is Eubie Blake (JKR2008), whose age is supposed to be 75. His energetic, if slightly dated, approach to piano jazz is typical of the vintage music which he represents.

Both the musicians I have mentioned are essentially improvisors. Today the most important contributions in contemporary jazz come from those who accept written arrangements and carefully prepared performances as one of the facets of their art. For some time I have been impressed by the forceful writings of Quincy Jones, who has been active in the sphere of big band jazz around New York for some years. He proves himself to be one of the great arrangers, even up in the ranks of Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington, by his work with Count Basie (33SX1183).

Here you will find the proper relationship between writer/arranger and performer, where both have modest restrictions, and each is encouraged by the other's enterprise and prowess, in the way that the Ellington band is fed by

inspiring arrangements. Somehow the versatile Basie band has moulded itself into these pieces, until they become the whole voice of the band. It is of more than passing interest to note that Quincy Jones has just formed a big band of his own, which has had promising notices in America; so far none of his tapes or records has been heard in England.

The heartache that was Billie Holiday is again brought to life through the medium of some expressive music from a six-piece group led by tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette and trumpeter Webster Young. Their talent exudes feeling and sympathy for their subject. No one is left in doubt about Lady Day's music, from the standpoint of melody or its more subtle embellishments. This album (Esquire 32-084) is typical of the best small group jazz being played in America at the moment.

Oriole's *Afternoon in Paris* LP is a delightful study of imaginative piano and guitar work, effectively presenting the Modern Jazz Quartet, augmented by the top French guitarist, Sacha Distel.



Two views of Alan Spiers' Camille—created for Mrs. Robin Douglas Home—in which the fullness on the crown of the head balances the shape of her face

NOTING A *diminuendo* SCALE

BEAUTY by JEAN CLELAND

WITH FIGURES AND HAIR STYLES, the line's the thing. Whether you are tall or short, built on a large or small scale, you must be in good shape.

Experts are enthusiastic over the up-to-date method of spot-reducing. This is effective for dealing with extra flesh which has been put on in certain areas. Except in cases of definite overweight, all-over slimming is not always necessary. It is not even advisable, since it often slims you in the wrong places, bringing wrinkles, scraggy throat, and salt-cellars.

A figure fails to look streamlined for a number of reasons other than being too heavy. It can be due to bad posture which throws the body out of line. "Stand correctly" is the advice of one of the experts on the subject, "and you will look slimmer and pounds lighter immediately."

Flabby muscles also spoil the look of a figure, and cause rolls, tyres and bulges. These can be dispersed by methods other than drastic reducing and rigorous diet. This is not to say that diet is completely out of the picture.

Spot-reducing experts advocate sensible eating: reasonable abstinence from too many fattening foods and rich dishes.

Three salons where streamlining is a speciality, are busy tightening up and whittling down. In each one—Helena Rubinstein, Elizabeth Arden and Slenderella—the procedure starts with correct posture. After that treatments vary.

At Elizabeth Arden passive reducing is highly recommended for thighs, waist-line and upper arms. It also braces and tightens up slack muscles. For flesh that is firm and in need of breaking down, the Arden salon has a giant roller with revolving cylinders that work on bulges. Clients are advised to have deep massage after both treatments to firm the tissues and relax nerves.

Helena Rubinstein's Slimming Clinic—an ever-increasingly successful department of her London salon—favours a scientific machine called the Traction Rhythmic Couch and they were the first to use it in this country. It gently and rhythmically manipulates the muscles of the

body, toning them up and replacing slackness with firmness. For breaking down and dispersing the waste materials that cause obesity, Helena Rubinstein advises deep muscle massage. For reducing special spots the massage is done with scientifically controlled heat, and a Traxator—a vacuum cup massaging machine that picks up the flesh and releases it.

In the Slenderella Salon, after measurements have been taken, clients proceed to the Slenderella Table which literally shakes off the inches, and tightens and firms the whole body.

Two features of the Slenderella service are worth noting. Every client is given a complimentary treatment in which the method is explained in detail. For travellers there is an excellent system of transfer coupons. If a client is going abroad to any country where there is a Slenderella salon, she can continue her treatments there. A new provincial salon is being opened at Marshall & Snelgrove's in Market Place, Leicester, and this, too, will take the transfer coupons.

*The
Social
Alphabet*

R *for Romance? No,
we're just friends . . .*

*"Charlie is a darling, Charlie is adorable,
Charlie is a sweetie-pie, Charlie is a lamb."
So say the girls as they gossip in the Ladies'—
Isn't it incredible how popular I am?*

*One voice jars in the song of unanimity—
One voice feels it cannot bear it any more:
"Charlie is in love with me and, when he's
feeling amorous,
Charlie is an utterly intolerable bore!"*

*Most of them have suffered an identical
experience,
Pity bubbles up in them like water in a
spring,
Comforting and cooing like a hamper-full of
turtledoves,
They offer their advice to the poor little thing:*

*"When he tries to kiss you, which he's
absolutely certain to,
Seem to acquiesce, but with a second left to
spare,
Turn your head a trifle, and make him feel an
idiot—
Mock him as he splutters on a mouthful of
hair.*

*"His militant eroticism's apt to be ephemeral—
The torture will be over in about three days,
So shatter him with ridicule at every opportunity,
Charlie is a darling—but he's going through
a phase."*

Francis Kinsman



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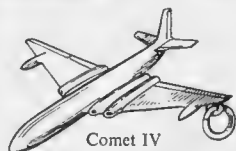
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EVANS



PASSPORT

By DOONE BEAL

Why I like Dubrovnik

RETURNING TRAVELLERS WERE almost exasperatingly dreamy-eyed about Dubrovnik. What I could never persuade anyone to tell me was, what was it like? Only when I saw it for myself did I understand the reason why because, in all truth, one can compare it to nowhere else. It is not even entirely typical of Yugoslavia.

In this proud and independent country it is the Government's policy to forge ahead with the new; but they have had the good sense to preserve the best of the old. Dubrovnik (whose history dates back to the 7th century) is one of the finest existing examples of a walled city. No wheeled traffic is permitted in its stone flagged streets, which gleam with the patina of generations of shuffling feet. Save it up to see, for the first time, late in the evening, when the main thoroughfare of Placa looks like an empty lamplit ballroom, perfectly symmetrical and magically lovely.

There are a series of massive drawbridges and gates, once heavily armed, by which one enters the city. Close by Ploce Gate are the 14th-century Dominican cloisters. Even lovelier, the Franciscan Convent and cloisters in the main street (a favourite place of meditation, so I am told, of George Bernard Shaw).

Among the paintings in the cathedral there is one attributed to (and signed) Titian.

At the head of Placa is a fountain which delighted me. Legend has it that it was dedicated, if that is the word, to a woman who, during her husband's eight-year absence abroad, produced seven children. All seven grinning faces are sculpted in the stone. Parallel to Placa, in Puce Street, is a superb little

Orthodox church containing some magnificent ikons.

I have listed only a few of the things to see, and Dubrovnik is eminently wander-worthy. It is in fact a small miracle of compactness, which can easily be seen from the path that makes the entire circuit of the city walls (1½ miles round). Narrow stepped streets rise steeply from either side of the Placa; the houses gaily decorated with hanging geraniums and washing. If you get up early enough, the marketplace is well worth a visit. In a café called the Jug, just off the main street, I remember enjoying as never before a plateful of baby red mullet and fresh fried sedines, accompanied by the delicious white Herzegovina wine, Zilavka. We had slivovitz with the coffee, and the bill came to under £2 for four people. Apart from the cafés, which open late, there is a night club in the walls of the city just by Ploce Gate called the Labyrinth. It was being redecorated when I was there, but I am told it's a good one.

Apart from the old city, Dubrovnik has two quite other sides. The "ordinary" town, jangling with old-fashioned tram cars, noisy and gay with open-air cafés and music (a national passion), and a garden restaurant worth noting, the Mimosa.

The other side of the city (the road makes a circuit outside the walls, and then climbs steeply up the hillside), are the chief hotels. Excellent, by any standards, is the Argentina, with its series of lemon grove terraces dropping down to the sea. It has an outdoor dining terrace on one level, a beach bar and open-air dancing on the next, and a final drop to the broad flat

GO FESTIVE ON THE côte d'azur

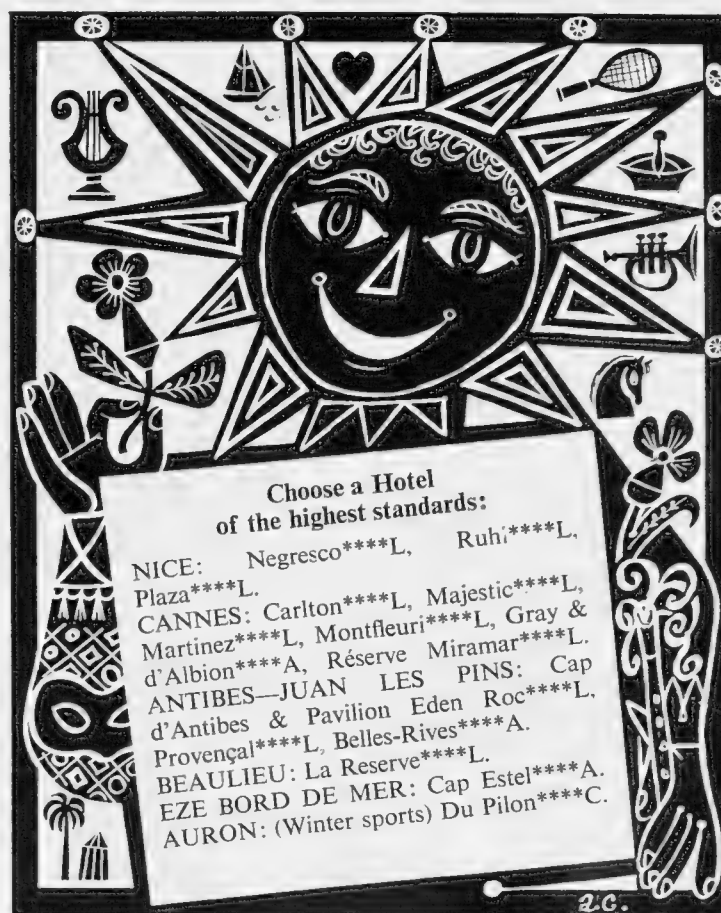
rocks from which one sunbathes and swims, diving straight into about 30 ft. of deep, clear green water.

The Excelsior, slightly closer to the town, is bigger and more modern. Another choice is the charming Villa Ursula, cheaper than Argentina or Excelsior because it is run—and very well—by members from the hotel school. As a guide to prices, the Argentina, which is the most expensive, charges £3 a day for a single room with bath, full board. None of these hotels is more than 10 minutes' walk from the city; but a little further away by car is the Belvedere Hotel. Although simpler, I thought it had a lot of charm with a highly romantic terrace and most of the bedroom windows facing Dubrovnik across the water. Without a car one might feel a bit cut off there, but it has a devoted clientele and is a great favourite with hideaways.

Dubrovnik is altogether an extremely civilized resort with, blessedly, none of the holiday camp touches. Nobody is out to sell you anything. Nor, in late June when I was there, was it very crowded. The best time to go there is from mid-April to mid-July (worth remembering the Festival, early in July)—or else during September and October. And the nicest way to go is from Venice down the Dalmatian coast, a 24-hour trip to Dubrovnik. I sailed in the splendid new Yugoslav ship the Jadran, with good food and, as ever in Yugoslavia, some excellent wines. Cost for a first-class single cabin is between £8 and £9 10s.

Prompted by the questions I was asked on my return, I would like to emphasize how good, in fact, the food and wines are. And to add that I heard less talk of State ownership than was the case, for example, in Scandinavia. Yugoslavs wear their political regime in the Irish manner.

Travel agencies in Yugoslavia (where also one cashes travellers' cheques and petrol coupons) are staffed by particularly helpful people. I strongly recommend anyone contemplating a trip there to book through the Anglo-Yugoslav Travel Service at 107 New Bond Street, whose staff know and can tell you much about the country, its communications, and what to expect there.



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NICE CARNIVAL Festivities, February 20—March 3 (Battles of Flowers, February 25 and March 3); International Race Meetings (Trotting and Chasing) during January, February and March; International Horse Show, April 23—May 1; International Lions Club Gala in December; Easter Monday Battle of Flowers, April 18; International Tennis Tournament in April. CASINO MUNICIPAL "Nuit de Nice" February 25; PALAIS DE LA MÉDITERRANÉE, weekly—theatre, comedy, concerts, recitals—Christmas & New Year Galas—"Nuit du Beaujolais" April 2. Painting and Sculpture Exhibitions.

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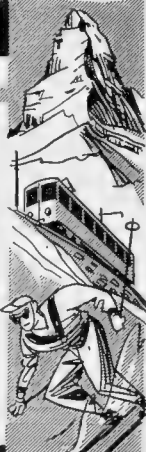
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Vandyk

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Motoring

GORDON WILKINS GIVES A WARNING:

People have been killed on Britain's first little motorway and more are going to die. They will die because the motorway is a cut-price job lacking important safety features, because British vehicles are not equipped for motorway driving and because British drivers have never had an opportunity of driving at a steady cruising speed for any length of time and have no knowledge of the problems this creates

Meanwhile the first signs of panic are appearing. Mr. Marples, the new Minister of Transport, having apparently seen cars travelling fast for the first time in his life, spoke of speed limits the moment the road was opened. He need not have worried. After the first flush of freedom, engine and tyre failures (allied to the naturally cautious temperament of the British) brought cruising speed down with a rush.

Then on 10 November the *Daily Telegraph* reported Mr. E. J. Dodd, Chief Constable of Birmingham, as saying: "Unless a top speed limit is imposed on the M.1. I think we shall have a repetition of the tragedies that have already occurred." Up to that time the only tragedies of which I have any knowledge were the two truck-drivers who were killed through crashing into a vehicle parked on the carriageway in a fog. No foreseeable speed limit could have saved them and the Chief Constable would have been better occupied pointing out that stopping a vehicle on the carriageway on any busy road is a terribly dangerous thing to do—and on a motorway in a fog it is an absolutely certain way to kill people.

Then we had Dr. Goodhart of the Pedestrians' Association envenoming the atmosphere with one of his wild attacks on British motorists in general. Impartial, foreign observers are astonished at the patience and caution shown by British drivers in the dreadful situation that faces them daily through the neglect of our road system. Their patience could not be better illustrated than by the toleration they have extended to Dr. Goodhart, with his incessant attacks on the motoring community.

Such strident and persistent propaganda, allied to a flair for publicity, adds to the volume of irrelevant blether that threatens to divert attention from urgently needed safety measures that could save lives.

So far, the evidence is that the emergency tracks alongside the motorway are neither wide enough nor hard enough to fulfil their function. They are intended for vehicles in trouble, or for drivers who are forced to swerve by some emergency occurring in front of them. Their use by truck drivers who want a rest or a smoke must not be tolerated. Lay-bys and rest areas are provided for this purpose. A vehicle making improper use of the emergency strip is a menace to life while turning on to it and while leaving it and, as we have seen, a possible source of danger every minute it stands there. Drivers who have been driving at a steady speed on a motorway for some time, do seem to have a slower reaction to emergencies, whether there are speed limits in force or not. On some American motorways it is virtually certain that if one car has a puncture in the rush hour there will be a multiple collision. Each driver back down the line has his margin of warning reduced by the time it takes the man in front to react, so it is mathematically certain that someone down the line will be unable to stop in the time left to him.

Experience has evolved answers to this problem: America has elaborate systems of signal lights. In Germany, every police car, ambulance and breakdown tender carries light reflecting warning signs. The moment it stops, one of the crew sprints back down the road and plants these signs at the side of the

carriageway. The first, about 200 yards from the incident, shows the skull and crossbones. The second, about 100 yards later, shows a big exclamation mark with the word ACCIDENT. That is the *first task*, no matter how urgent other things may seem. If it is neglected for a moment other casualties will occur.

It follows from this that every heavy vehicle using the motorway must carry at least one luminous warning-sign, which must be placed on the road behind it in the event of an enforced stop, even on the emergency strip. They are quite cheap and are widely used on the Continent. The usual form is a red triangle.

The first head-on crash through one vehicle skidding through the centre strip into the opposite carriageway has already occurred, and there will be more. Speed limits do not prevent them. The centre strip on M.1. is well below the minimum width now recognized as necessary for safety in the U.S.A. and it lacks a trench or thick bushes which would help to stop a skidding car. These crashes usually happen at night or in rain, fog or icy conditions, when one heavy vehicle pulls out to pass another without warning, just as a car is overtaking. To keep them to the minimum, it is imperative that no heavy vehicle be allowed to use the motorway without prominent flashing indicators at front and rear. In poor visibility a hand signal is useless. Flashing indicators are essential and lives will be lost unnecessarily every month that this precaution is neglected.

Another essential feature for safe motorway driving is a headlamp flasher switch. I have been campaigning for them for a long time now but the industry has not acted, except for a minority of builders of fast cars. However, any driver who is interested can now buy one quite cheaply from the accessory firms.

Pedestrians are banned from the motorway, but maintenance men will always be required. No maintenance worker should be allowed on the road without a white jacket and a wide belt of red reflecting-material. These are some of the essential precautions that have been evolved from other people's hard-won experience. They should be given top priority.

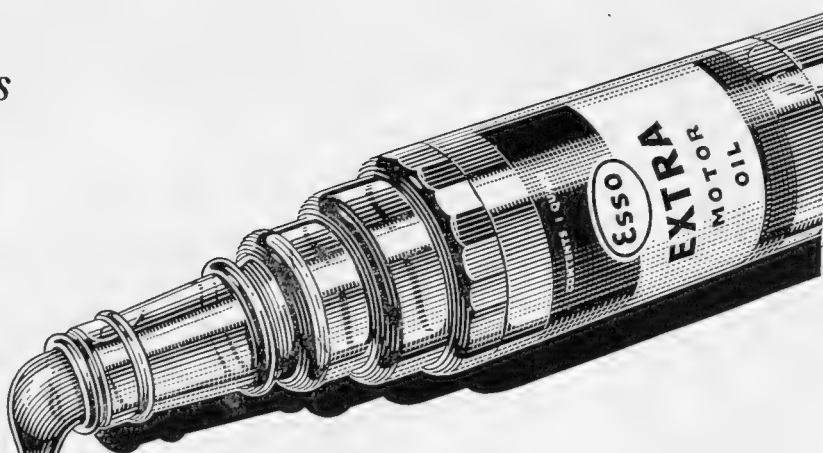
A shocking feature of the first few weeks of motorway operation has been the hundreds of mechanical breakdowns. I say that the biggest single cause is the 50 per cent purchase tax, which forces people to go on patching up old vehicles instead of scrapping them and buying new ones. This is not a matter likely to be affected greatly by the projected inspection scheme; but, because of it, driving on our motorways will be more dangerous than in countries with a lower proportion of old cars in use. For some time every serious accident on M.1 will receive enormous publicity, overshadowing the more numerous crashes elsewhere; but travel on the motorway (for all its defects) will still be far safer than travel on any other trunk road in England.

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BY HELEN BURKE

Plum job for Christmas

BEFORE THE REAL BUSINESS OF preparing for Christmas begins, there is time to make the pudding and the cake and get them out of the way. These days many people buy their puddings and mince-meat, but one is more than justified in making the pudding, at least. Mince-meat is another matter. Unless it is stored in an extremely cold place there is always the possibility that it will ferment, although the inclusion of a little whisky or brandy will lessen the risk.

Here is a recipe for Christmas pudding which I have made, with slight variations, for a long time. It will make one pudding of approximately 4½ lb. or two of just over 2½ lb. each.

One-and-a-half pound mixed dried fruit, 6 oz. shredded mixed peel, 2 oz. chopped blanched almonds, 6 oz. self-raising flour (or plain flour and ½ rounded teaspoon baking-powder), ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 to 1½ teaspoons mixed spice, 8 oz. fresh breadcrumbs, 8 oz. soft brown sugar (very dark "foot" sugar is often used), 8 oz. chopped suet, 3 to 4 eggs, grated rind and juice of ½ lemon, ½ cup coarsely grated apple, old ale or sherry to mix.

Mixed dried fruits for puddings are available in 12-oz. packets and are ready cleaned. If, however, the fruits are bought in bulk, they may be a little dry and dusty so, a few days before making the pudding, put them in a colander and run cold water with great force through them. Drain thoroughly and spread on a linen cloth to dry.

Mix the dry ingredients together—that is, the flour, salt, spice, crumbs and sugar. Add the suet, fruit and nuts. Beat together the eggs and grated lemon rind and juice and add them together with enough ale or sherry to make a mixture which, when a spoonful is lifted up and given a quick jerk, will fall from the spoon. Mixing is a man's job—but let each member of the family take a hand in it.

Almost fill the buttered basin (or basins) with the mixture and leave overnight. Cover with buttered greaseproof paper, then tie a cloth loosely on top. Stand on a trivet in a pan of boiling water reaching more than half-way up the basin/basins, put on the lid and boil for 6 to 7 hours, adding more boiling water when necessary. When the pudding is cold, remove the cloth and tie on a clean one in its place.

On Christmas Day, re-boil the pudding (or puddings) for 3 to 4 hours.

Silver coins in the pudding? Most of us remember the sixpences and little threepenny bits we hoped to find in our portion. But since 1946 there is no silver in our "silver" coins—only copper and nickel. They are not "safe," so do not put them in.

Each year I get many requests for my Christmas cake recipe. There is no space to give the complete recipe here but I think the ingredients and a few hints will suffice. I shall give them in the order of mixing. Anyone who has ever made a cake by what is known as the "creaming method" will have no difficulty in making this one successfully. The quantities are for a cake measuring 8 to 8½ inches in diameter.

Eight ounces butter, 8 oz. light brown sugar, 1 tablespoon black treacle, 4 large eggs, 3 to 4 tablespoons sherry or strained cold tea, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence (eggs, sherry or tea and vanilla essence beaten together), 4 oz. self-raising flour, 6 oz. plain flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, pinch each ground cinnamon and grated nutmeg, 12 oz. currants, 12 oz. sultanas (half of them chopped), 6 oz. stoned raisins, 2 oz. chopped peel, 2 oz. ground almonds, 2 oz. quartered glacé cherries, grated rind of 1 lemon.

Mix in the order given the flours, salt and spices sifted together. Have ready the tin, well buttered and floured, or lined with two thicknesses of buttered greaseproof paper. Turn the mixture into it and level it off. Leave for 10 minutes, then give the tin a gentle tap on the table to settle the mixture.

Place the cake in the middle of the oven heated to 300 degrees Fahr., or gas mark between 1 and 2. After 4 hours, test the cake this way: Withdraw it from the oven just far enough to be able to listen to it. If there is a slight hissing or singing sound, bake it for a few minutes longer. Another test is to place the third finger lightly on the centre of the cake's top. If the finger mark remains, bake it a little longer. A third test is when the cake shrinks a little from the sides of the tin. It may require as long as 4½ hours' baking, depending on the oven itself and the position in which the cooker is placed.

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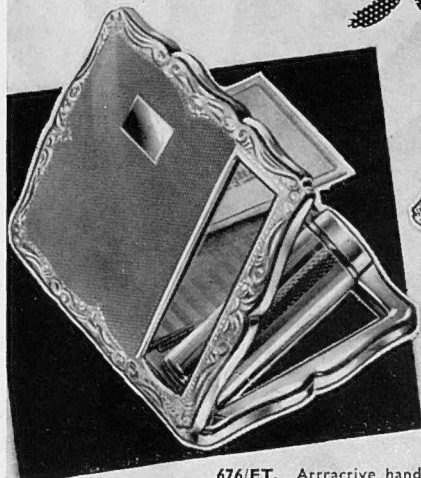
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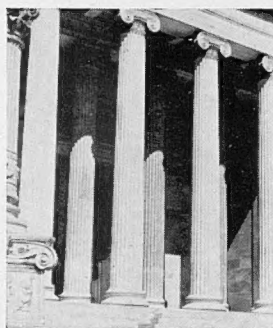
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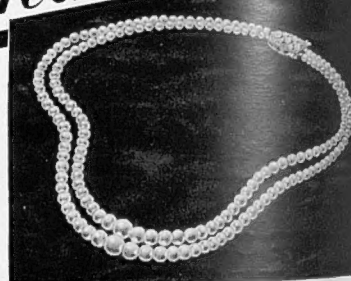
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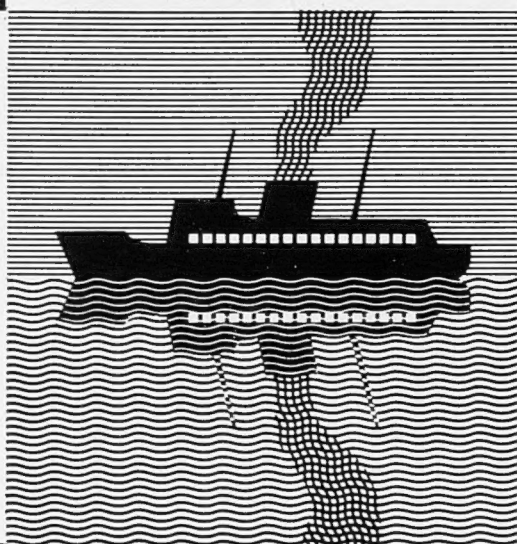


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